MOVIE PICTORIAL

SEPTEMBER
1915

TEN
CENTS

From a photograph by Carpenter, Los Angeles

FUTURE FILM FEATURES

"Of course you fool, there's no silver mine on your property, but we can sell stock in one just the same"

Lake systematically attacks the other man's happiness

Slowly the poison of suspicion crept into Whittier's mind

"THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR"

PRODUCED BY

GEORGE KLEINE

Founded on OWEN DAVIS' Celebrated Stage Success

In this production, Miss Fenwick has been given such a splendid opportunity to display those powers which have made her one of the greatest stage stars in America. Her work in "THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR" is said to be one of the rarest and most beautiful examples of character portrayal in the annals of film plays.

The story is familiar to theater-goers, having been one of the big Broadway successes of the past few years. Jenny Gay, an actress, is the object of the mad infatuation of Jack Lake, a promoter of worthless mines. This character becomes her nemesis and eventually by poisoning the mind of her husband causes a divorce and drives her to solitude in a New England village. Tom Grayson, superintendent of a railroad construction gang in Mexico, meets Lake and through a quarrel with some Greasers in which Lake takes his part, becomes his debtor. When Tom returns home Lake follows him and promptly recognizes in the little Woman Next Door the object of his affection. Tom and Jenny fall in love and Lake immediately exposes Jenny as the actress whose divorce suit had been one of the newspaper sensations of the year. From this situation many tense and dramatic moments are evolved.

Lawson Butt as Jack Lake

Irene Fenwick as Jenny Gay

A mind poisoned against itself brings about the inevitable result—the divorce court enters into the triangle, but out of the maelstrom arises a greater and better love

MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE SPOKEN WORD

By MARY RIDPATH-MANN
ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED LYON

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds.
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed will sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

—*Carleton*

That night as the latter sat at his desk hastily throwing together a story of the aviation races to fill half a column needed to make up the page which must go immediately to press, the secretary's letter was handed him. He laid it down unopened and went on writing. As soon as his copy had been turned in he picked it up and opened it.

For a moment he sat and simply stared at it. Why on earth had they chosen him? There was Thornton, the managing editor, as capable a man as ever lived, and Caxton, the city editor, each older both in years and length of service than himself. And there was Kennedy and Haines and Mathews. He paused a moment and his teeth came together like a steel trap. He despised Mathews. And he could not tell why, unless—unless it was because of——

THE stern lines of his face relaxed and the brilliant eyes grew dreamy over the vision which passed before them. Helen Holden was the *Sentinel's* star reporter. And she was slender and graceful and exquisitely feminine. There was nothing about her of the striding, masculine type affected by so many newspaper women. Her eyes were dark, appealing, and full of meaning. Instinctively you liked the girl behind them. There was in their expression something which suggested some far-off oriental ancestry. Yet they were so openly, so frankly honest, and as Thornton had one day put it, "Lord! How they keep you guessing!" The whole force regarded her as the mascot. Where the others on the staff failed she succeeded every time and there was not a man among them but was willing to acknowledge that her success was due in no small measure to her own unconscious charm. Outside the office Haverly knew absolutely nothing of her life. But he had occasionally looked up from his work to see Mathews talking to her in a way which evidently annoyed her and which made his blood boil. He longed to punch his head.

Haverly himself had had little time for the girls. Not that he did not care for their society. He did. As for children, he adored them. He couldn't get past a bunch of ragged "newsies" on the corner without stopping to talk to them to save his life, and many a maid and nurse girl had looked admiringly after the tall figure of a young man who had stopped to play a moment with their little charges in the park. But if, like most men, he cherished a secret longing for a home, wife and children of his own he kept it strictly to himself and all the devotion of a finely-attuned affectionate soul which under other circumstances might have found its outlet through other channels he lavished upon the little mother who had borne him—who had toiled and suffered and sacrificed that he might have his chance to "make good" in life

He put the letter in his pocket, got his hat and coat, closed his desk and turned to go. As he passed through the outer office the other members of the staff were just preparing to leave also. He spoke to Thornton who came over to him. It was with hesitation that Haverly took the letter from his pocket again and handed it to him, for a thought so weighty had suddenly come to him that something came up in his throat and almost choked him. This new arrangement might alter the hitherto close and highly valued friendship of his comrades. But this was a doubt soon to be dispelled. Thornton let out a whoop which brought the whole force around him in a moment. What "good fellows" they were! They shook his hand heartily, slapped his broad shoulders and wondered if they would ever dare call him *Jack* again! They were glad, unfeignedly glad, of his success. The fact that he had been promoted over all their heads mattered not a whit. They congratulated him sincerely—all except Mathews.

"Fellows," he stumbled, "I don't know how it happened."

WHEN Haverly landed the plum the only man on the staff who was surprised was Haverly himself. Two months previously old Bevan who had been editor of the *Sentinel* for more than a quarter of a century had been found dead in his chair. Like all the rest, Haverly had realized that some one must take his place. That he himself would be the man never occurred to him.

At the directors meeting, however, the choice had been practically unanimous. Only one man had demurred and his doubts were based wholly upon Haverly's age, or rather upon his youth. He was just thirty. Bevan had been sixty-five when he died. Was there not danger in choosing a man so young? His objections were overruled, however; in fact, he was glad to have them overruled. He liked Haverly. He acknowledged that he was an ideal newspaper man. He had a brilliant record for "scoops." So the secretary was instructed to inform Haverly of his election.

"We do!" they exclaimed in excited chorus. "*We knew it!* You're too modest, old man. Anyway, Jack, you can count on us!"

Haverly's fine face grew grave. Then he spoke soberly and with deep feeling.

"That's just what I want to do, fellows—*count* on you! Without your help, your sympathy and support, I'll—I'll fail. With them—well, I'll keep the old paper up to the top notch where she's always been or die trying!"

Again they gathered around him, voicing their loyalty and interest—all hut Mathews. At the close of Haverly's words he had slipped away quietly and the expression on his face was not good to see. The rest would have lingered longer, doubtless, hut for the warning cry of the elevator man.

"Last trip."

In a bunch they made a dash for the car and a moment later it deposited them on the ground floor.

BY THE time Haverly reached home that night he had made some very definite plans and some not quite so definite. No more third-story apartments with little light, poor air, long flights of stairs and noisy neighbors! The mother should have a pretty cottage at the edge of town, not too far from the office, with sunshine on all four sides of it, with grass and trees and a flower garden and the other things that women love when the freshness of their youth has departed. Later, perhaps, a little electric, which she could run herself, and then, after a while, perhaps, when things got easier ——. Again his heart warmed as the vision of a slender girl with dark, wonderful eyes came vividly to his mind.

Not until he reached home did he realize how late it was. As he dropped off of the car at the corner he heard the chimes on St. James ring one o'clock. He slipped noiselessly into the house, and as he passed the dining-room, saw one more evidence of his mother's loving thought. On the table he found a plate of sandwiches, the kind he liked best, some cake, fruit, and a thermos bottle of piping hot coffee. He had eaten nothing since shortly after noon—a fact he had quite forgotten hut which lent an extra savor to the night lunch. When he had finished he rose and stood for a moment looking thoughtfully at the door of his mother's room. Then he opened it softly and went in.

It was a small room, the kind in which the furniture, however diminutive, always looks too large. The hed stood in one corner and a flood of moonlight came through the open window bringing into bold relief the quiet figure and placid face of the sleeper. He stood for a moment looking down at her tenderly. Then his presence seemed to rouse her. She sat up quickly as if in fear.

"Jack!" she cried. Then immediately, "—— is anything the matter, dear?"

He sat down on the edge of the hed and gathered her into his arms.

"Not a thing, mother mine. I just wanted to talk and couldn't wait till morning. In fact, I've had some dandy good luck, dearest. Your little hig hoy is so happy he doesn't know whether he's thirty or three!"

He settled her back on the pillows, then told her the good news, not forgetting to include the satisfaction which his selection had given the men with whom he worked. For a while he rattled on about his plans and his hopes. But he broke off suddenly when he observed that the figure beside him was shaken with sobs.

He looked at her helplessly and in amazement. In all his life he could not remember ever having seen his mother cry.

"Don't, dearest!" he hegged. "Why—what are you crying about?"

"Oh, boy," she said, "—— if only you could know how I've hoped and planned and dreamed and prayed that a chance like this might come to you! It seems too good to he true."

"Mother mine," he answered softly, "It was just hecause I *do* know that I couldn't wait till morning to tell you. Don't cry any more. Please don't. It—It hurts! And I guess it wouldn't he a had idea, either, if hoth of us got a little sleep sometime hefore daylight. What do you think?"

He kissed her softly and she smiled at him through her tears. But she still looked thoughtful. So he waited.

"Well?" he questioned whimsically. "Anything more coming? If so, let's have it and get it out of our systems."

He had risen and stood looking down at her over the foot of the hed. For a moment she was silent, seemingly buried in thought. He suddenly realized what she was thinking ahout and his face grew hot. This splendid son whom she loved had one grave fault—a passionate temper which he had never quite learned to control. As a child he had sometimes given way to fits of rage which made his elders shake their heads apprehensively. True, since he had hecome a man he had acquired a marvelous degree of self-control. Rarely now did he give way to things which vexed him. But the volcanic still smouldered fiercely underneath and once stirred to the depths his wrath was terrible to encounter. She knew that the new position he was ahout to assume would bring its own trials, its own disappointments, and the mother love within her prompted her to warn him again on this night. She alone knew how bitter had always been his remorse, how deep his chagrin, how sincere his apologies as soon as the storm had passed. But during all the years of her life she had nursed a great fear that he would some day say just one word too much. To spare him this she would have given her life. Once when he had been a hoy in high school she came across some lines in a poem and had given them to him to commit to memory. When she spoke again it was to remind him of it.

"Do you remember?" she asked.

"Very well, mother mine."

"Say them again, dear—will you?"

Obediently as a child he hegan:

> "Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged hirds.
> You can't do that way when you're flying *words*.
> Thoughts *unexpressed* will sometimes fall back dead,
> But God himself can't kill them *when they're said!*"

"*When they're said!*" she repeated after him. "Oh, Jack," she hegged, "don't *say* things you will be sorry for. It's heen a long time now since I've seen you angry, but I'm always—afraid—dear! All men have temper, of course. They wouldn't amount to shucks if they didn't. But temper is a thing to keep, not to lose. People find it easy to forgive a man for what he *does* in the heat of anger. But no man ever forgets what he *says*. It's the—the—*spoken* word that slays, dear. It can never he unsaid."

He came back to her side and dropped onto his knees. He knew her words were true. A thousand times he had promised her to keep a curh on his tongue. A thousand times, it now seemed to him, he had hroken his word. He would not promise again, but he firmly resolved that he would hecome master of himself. He did not speak, but he felt a hand laid caressingly on his dark hair and in a moment the mother said simply, "My son will not forget. Goodnight, dear."

II

FOR the next two years things ran along at the office of the *Sentinel* with amazing smoothness. Everyhody fell to with a will to keep the paper up to the standard. Even Mathews, whom Haverly disliked and distrusted, *seemed* to he loyal to the common interest. His work was good. He was always prompt and, unless he could find something definite on which to hase his personal feelings, Haverly resolved to play fair and he absolutely just to him. It was only when he saw him talking to Helen that he wished he might find something substantial which would furnish him with an excuse to get rid of him.

As for Helen—well, Jack acknowledged to himself that she gave him more uncomfortable moments than all the rest of the office force put together. When, almost noiselessly, she approached his desk and modestly deposited thereon a cracking good story, slipping away as quickly as she had come, Haverly never failed to find something radically wrong with his vital organs for the next half hour. Lungs, heart or stomach—he couldn't exactly locate the disturbance. He only knew that he hreathed altogether too rapidly, that, as he expressed it, his "pump" worked too fast, and that, on top of hoth of these things, he felt confoundedly "queer." If he made some excuse to detain her, which not infrequently happened, the only difference lay in the severity of the attack and the length of time it took him to get hack into condition again. During these brief intervals she had astonished him with her hreadth of vision, her clear analysis, her knowledge of literature, art, music, and the other things which go to make life worth while. One morning when he had found his equilihrium almost completely disarranged because of a direct glance from those wondrous eyes, he said to her, "I envy you, Miss Holden. I think I never saw you unless you were smiling. Don't you ever get bothered about things?"

"Oh, often. But—'keep near thee, O Woman, that which weds thee to laughter, not to tears' " she quoted, and before he knew it she was gone.

How was the editor of the *Sentinel* to know that this quiet young woman who was playing so large a part in his daily life was indeed much more unusual than even he imagined her? That she came from a long line of cultured, literary and artistic ancestry? That her unusual gifts had been showered upon her at hirth, nursed and cultivated during her childhood? That she was a living exemplification of that almost indefinable word *heredity*? To Helen Holden the use of a pen came as naturally as does the use of a needle to the woman who likes to sew, and when, at nineteen, she had been left alone in the world, she had turned to it as a means of self-support. To the *Sentinel* she had become invaluable, and her work for the paper quite occupied her days. But the nights were all her own, and during the long evening hours she lived her *real* life.

HER own father had been a goldsmith—a clever craftsman whose artistic designs and perfect workmanship were known the world over although his name was not. His father, and all who lay behind him, had been journalists. All her life Helen had cherished a passion for her father's work. When she was a tiny child she would sit for hours on the high work-hench watching him hending over some beautiful thing, utterly oblivious to her presence. When she was older he had taught her how to "work" the metals, the silver and gold which came out afterward in such lovely patterns. Gradually she hecame almost as expert as himself. At twelve she hegan to express herself in original designs which were a delight to the eye.

When her father died and the little home they had shared had to he given up, Helen herself had packed away the contents of the little shop. Tenderly and with tears she moved about, touching softly the things she had learned to love, thinking that never again could they he of service to her, yet grimly resolved that no one else should have them. Then she had gone forth into the work-a-day world, had found an inexpensive room in a quiet neighborhood and taken her few helongings there. But when she had been in the house only a few days she learned of the large attic above her room. The kind-hearted landlady who kept the house cheerfully granted her permission to use it and here, during her leisure hours, Helen wrought her dreams into realities.

Haverly discovered her talent one day quite by accident. She came in to put her story on his desk as usual and found him looking discontentedly at the sketch of the design to he used for the cover of the fiction section of the Sunday paper. The subject as a whole was all right for the purpose—a pleading lover and a hesitant maid. But the face of the man was weak. It jarred upon her artistic soul. She looked at it a moment and then said:

"I don't like that. Do you?"

"No," he answered. "But I don't know just what is the matter with it."

She flashed one of her level, disconcerting glances at him and then replied.

"I do. The man's face is weak. I'd have a hard time getting up a thrill over a fellow with a countenance like that. He ought to look like this."

While Haverly was pulling himself together she picked up an envelope from his desk and hegan to draw. In a few rapid strokes she sketched a man's face, clear-cut, strong and very good to look at. So engrossed was she in the task that she did not see Haverly's eager eyes fixed, not upon the drawing, but upon her own lovely face. As he watched he saw a mischievous dimple come into her cheek and it was followed by more dimples all around her mouth. One couldn't expect a man to talk sense under the circumstances. When he recovered sufficiently to speak it was only to say lamely,

"Why I didn't know you could draw!"

Helen tipped her head to one side and surveyed her work. Then she laughingly wrote her initials, H. H., down in the corner. Still laughing, she hacked off to a safe distance and held up the picture for his inspection, and when Mr. Jack Haverly, editor of the *Sentinel* removed his eyes from her face to the picture, he got the shock of his life. The face was his own!

She tossed the envelope toward him and started to run from the room. But—woman proposes and man occasionally disposes! The editor had come to. Before she got half-way across the room the door had been closed with not a little emphasis and a very

resolute-looking man with a pair of splendid shoulders was backed up against it. She was caught in her own trap. For a moment the two eyed each other in silence, several feet of space between them. Then the man spoke.

"Come here, Helen," he said, "—— right here where—you—belong."

He held out his arms, but the young woman, flushed, panting and defiant, would have none of them.

"I w-won't!" she gasped. "I—I'm n-not coming at all!"

He waited a moment. Then he spoke again and in a different tone.

"Please dear! Come! Don't you know how I *want* you, Helen?" Then, as she made no move, "You know I *could* come and get you, dear, but —I don't want to. Please come—to—me!"

HE watched her face as he spoke and saw a change come into it. It grew soft and beautiful and the look in her eyes thrilled him through. For those eyes were lit with love, and there was something else in them — something he could not just understand. Was she just a little bit—afraid? The thought stung him. He was about to give up his purpose and go to her. But before the idea had time to mature he saw her move timidly toward him and when she had traversed half the distance he sprang, lover-like, to meet her.

"Oh, Girl! *Girl!*" he half whispered as he folded her in his arms closely, "— don't you know how I love you? Don't you *know?*"

She did not answer immediately, but when the arms about her loosened a bit and he looked down he saw that her open hands were pressed flatly against the lapels of his coat. She rubbed them up and down once or twice, then mechanically pulled the two sides together and fastened the top buttons. Then she raised a roguish little face and said demurely, "No—of course not. How did you expect me to know it?"

"Well," he stammered, "I thought ——"

She laughed a delicious little laugh.

"'Fraid cat!" she taunted. "Six feet big, editor of a newspaper and *scared* of poor little me!"

"Guilty!" he admitted manfully, "but, you see ——"

He never could remember afterward just what excuse he had intended framing to cover his cowardice, for before the words came something happened. The two slender hands began to creep upward. Two soft arms locked tightly behind his head and a voice, tender, quivering, vibrant, spoke.

"Oh, I love you—*love*-you—*LOVE* you!"

The tremulous beating of the man's heart suddenly subsided into its regular throb. The blood that had been racing riotously through his veins cooled. He was awed, humble. The slender figure in his arms was pliant, unresisting, the lips he kissed, tremulous and yielding. Hers had been the Gift Supreme. The words he whispered against her ear, though old as the everlasting hills themselves were just as new as on that primal morn when the First Man spoke them and the First Woman heard. Haverly made a covenant with himself that she should never know regret, and all that was man within him fiercely vowed that nothing should ever take from him the beauteous Thing that had come into his life.

III

During the next few months the days flew by on wings. The routine of the office allowed the lovers only occasional glimpses of each other during the day, for Helen's work was over before Haverly's began. But at five o'clock each afternoon they had dinner together, spending in each other's presence a golden hour hallowed to their dreams for the future, filled with confidences intimate and dear, often given over to the long silences more eloquent than words which fall between hearts that love with understanding.

Toward the end of the year Helen observed that Jack was preoccupied—that something was in his thoughts which she could not share. A sudden fear tugged painfully at her heart. Was he beginning to regret? To feel that his love for her, in spite of the pleasure that it brought, was becoming a burden? She put the thought quickly away from her, but one evening as they dined together she said with a laugh which was not altogether natural, "You'll be so accustomed to seeing my face on the other side of the table that it will be no novelty at all!"

"Ah, but——" he had answered quickly with a little catch in his voice, "it will be different after—when we're married, Sweetheart!"

At his words she had buried the ghost that had haunted her. Whatever might be the cause of his preoccupation she herself had naught to do with it. She longed for his confidence but did not wish to ask for it.

"So! It was you, was it?" he said. Then he laughed,—a bitter, mocking laugh with a barb in every tone. "You! The snake in the grass that always strikes from behind! A traitor,—a—a thief!"

Haverly had seen some of his dreams come true. The cottage at the edge of town had become a reality. All summer the garden had bloomed riotously and the mother had seemed to grow young again. He had won the woman he loved and they were to be married at the New Year. Yet that night after seeing Helen on the car, as Haverly turned back to the office his heart was heavy. There was a traitor somewhere in his own office. Persistent effort on his part for the last three months had failed to reveal who it was. He longed to believe that it was Mathews. But Mathews had given him no reason to believe it. He had watched him closely and had found no grounds on which to suspect him. About three months previously an important editorial which Haverly had written had disappeared mysteriously from his desk. That in itself was bad enough. But he had quickly re-written it and supposed that it had just been misplaced. When it appeared *verbatim* in the morning edition of the *Chronicle*, the *Sentinel's* only rival, on the next day, however, the whole staff of the latter journal had been struck dumb. Mathews, along with the rest, had expressed his indignation. A few weeks later the thing had happened again and this time it was Mathews' own "scoop" on the existence of commercialized vice in a certain aristocratic neighborhood which disappeared. Mathews was loud in his denunciation of the guilty one, whoever it was. He had turned in another copy and, as before, the article appeared, word for word, in both papers. In the face of Mathews' wrath, Jack could not believe him guilty. Yesterday, for the third time, the thing had occurred again. Haverly and Thornton were absolutely nonplussed.

They held a quiet conference in Jack's office and resolved that they would run the culprit to cover, come what would. Every man on the staff was warned not to discuss the affair on peril of losing his job. But to Helen Jack said no word. Five weeks, four weeks, three weeks, two weeks till the woman he loved would be his own. Helen's quiet happiness appealed to him as nothing else in the world could. She was living with her dreams and they were dreams he did not wish to disturb.

Meanwhile Helen was occupying her evenings delightfully in making her lover a Christmas present. Many weeks ago she had thought of it, and it was

to be quite the loveliest, the most perfect thing she had ever fashioned. She drew one design after another only to discard them all and go to bed discouraged. But like many of the good things of life it came suddenly. One night as she lay in bed thinking of it she suddenly remembered that day in Jack's office when she had drawn his face on the envelope. She sprang out of bed, switched on the light, slipped into a warm kimono, sat down at the table, seized a pencil and pad and began to sketch rapidly. A man's face, strangely familiar, with a fine straight mouth, deep set eyes fringed with heavy lashes, grew quickly under the light stroke of the pencil. There was a world of tenderness in it as it looked down on something evidently very dear. She held it up for a moment, looked at it, sighed with satisfaction and laid it aside. Then, taking another pad she began a second sketch. She pushed a chair up before the dressing table, took the pins out of her hair and shook it loose, tipped the mirror back until she was looking almost directly upward into it. Then she threw back her head and smiled. For a moment she gazed at the reflection, then went back to the table and began to draw—a radiant, smiling upturned face—her own. When it was finished, with the scissors she cut out the two faces and fitted them together. She clapped her hands softly at the success of her plan and crept back into bed.

FOR the next week she worked feverishly in her attic under the eaves. On the day before Christmas the perfect thing was finished. It was a cigarette case of beaten silver with here and there a touch of gold. On the lower part the face of a girl looked up and smiled. The upper half was wrought into the face of a man, and when the lid snapped down it was exactly as though he had bent forward to kiss the smiling lips. Helen surveyed her work with satisfaction. She gave it a final rub with a piece of chamois, wrapped it carefully, placed it in a small white box, tied it with a Christmas ribbon and wrote on the outside *Mr. John Haverly.*

On the morning of the day before Christmas Jack sat in his office vexed to the very bottom of his soul. To use his own expression he was "mad all the way down." No amount of watching on his own or Thornton's part had thrown any light on the mysterious thefts, another of which had occurred the previous Sunday. Both had observed, however, that the material stolen had always been that to be used in some special edition of the paper. So they agreed that until after the Christmas paper was off the press the office should not be left alone—that one would secrete himself during the other's absence where he could see, without being seen, any one who approached the editor's desk.

It was Haverly's turn to watch on Christmas Eve. He notified Helen that he could not go with her to dinner as usual, but he would come for her on Christmas morning, they would have a long, happy day together and then—just one week more! Thinking, however, that Jack would go out alone for something to eat at the usual time, Helen resolved to slip in to his office during his absence and place the little package on his desk.

According to the plan which he had arranged with Thornton when five o'clock came Haverly walked through the outer office where the members of the staff were at work, his hat in his hand and his coat over his arm. He spoke to Kennedy, and to Mathews, busy at their desks. Once outside, however, instead of taking the elevator he stepped back into his own office through another door and slipped into the file room, relieving Thornton who had been on guard. Thornton then turned the gas low in the office and went out by the same door through which Jack had entered.

Haverly dropped into a chair and waited. Every nerve in his body was strung taut. He felt that at a touch they would snap. He had an almost overwhelming feeling that something was about to happen, and whatever it was he wished it were over with. For nearly an hour he sat there. One after another the men in the next room went to dinner and he was left alone. Presently a slight sound caused him to sit up straight in his chair. Some one had come into the room.

He peered through the crack of the door and in the dim light saw the figure of a woman move cautiously toward the desk. The figure was familiar. His heart began to pound furiously. Every drop of blood in his body seemed to rush to his head. It was Helen!

She tiptoed noiselessly to the desk, opened the little silver mesh bag she carried in her hand and was just taking the package containing her gift from it when her eyes fell upon something on the desk which attracted her attention. Laying down the bag she picked it up and tried to see it better. It was the design in color for the front page of the Christmas paper. How wondrously beautiful it was! White-winged angels, in diaphanous floating garments, flocking about the belfry of a cathedral, tipping with their bare feet the pondrous bells to make them ring out Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men! Far below, in the grey dawn, were to be seen the roofs and spires of the sleeping city. She gazed at it spellbound—this woman who so loved beauty in its every form of expression. But to the man who watched, the dim light did not reveal the glow of the dark eyes, the wonderfully softened face, the parted, mobile lips.

The gas that burned so dimly was far above her reach, but the longing to see the picture better was great. So she stepped toward the door through which she had come and was about to open it when the movement of a chair in the file room startled her. She gave a frightened little gasp as the man sprang toward her!

From his point of observation Haverly had watched her movements with a fascination to be compared only with that by which the cobra draws the fluttering bird. Helen! *His girl!* The daintily, affectionate, spiritual-looking, exquisite little creature who had given him her love in utter abandonment—in whom he had had such faith! The whole universe seemed toppling about his ears. His pulses throbbed till he felt that he was going mad. Vainly he wrestled to keep a hold on himself, little bits like tiny points of flame danced before his eyes. Not until he had seen her move toward the door with the picture in her hand had he realized the necessity of doing something.

The flaming wrath within him suddenly gave way to a cool, calculating anger. He felt scornful, contemptuous, dangerous. His heart stopped pounding. He was no longer conscious of a desire to smash things—only of an inclination to taunt, to insult, to condemn. Helen already stood with her hand on the door knob when she became aware of his presence. She gave a low cry as she felt her wrist seized as in a vise and heard the voice, which never before had spoken other than kindly, uttering words which cut like the lash of a whip.

"Not this time!" he said mockingly.

HE TOOK the picture from her hands and tossed it back onto the desk. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood regarding her contemptuously.

"So! It was you, was it?" he said. Then he laughed—a bitter, mocking, scornful laugh with a barb in every tone. "You! The snake in the grass that always strikes from behind! A traitor—a thief! Well, everything comes to him who waits. It has taken me a year to find you out. Here ——"

He turned up the light, dropped into the chair before the desk and wrote her a checque.

"Here," he continued, "I guess this is coming to you for your Christmas story. Take it, and then go over to the *Chronicle* where you belong. They'll appreciate your talents there, and—don't—come—back!"

Utterly bewildered, unable to sense his meaning, she took the checque mechanically, looked at it blankly for a moment. Then she tore it into riddles and flung them into his face. Darting to the desk she picked up the little silver bag and fled the room.

As she crossed the outer office she ran plump into Thornton returning from dinner. Shocked and mystified as well at the white, anguished face he made an effort to detain her. But she stared at him as though she had never seen him before and sped on. Suddenly the thing revealed itself to him. He hurried to Haverly's office.

"Jack!" he gasped, "it was—no—it couldn't be ——"

Haverly did not answer. With head on arms on the desk he sat motionless, as one dead. Thornton shook him.

"Get up, Jack! Quick!" Then after a pause, "I don't believe it," he cried hotly. "I tell you *I don't believe it!* My God, man! What have you done? Didn't you see her face? There must be some mistake!"

Haverly groaned! The storm had spent itself. Once again the smouldering volcano within him had burst into flame and this time it had buried beneath its hot lava the woman he loved. Now the seething fire had died out. He shivered and felt cold. Too late he realized that he had condemned her unheard, and the memory of that agonized, terror-stricken face would haunt him to his dying day. No more on earth, he thought, could that beauteous, living, palpitating Thing which he had crushed be restored to him. Even though the ashes underneath which it had been buried could be cleared away, he should find only the empty shell from which the soul had fled! The spoken word. What would he not give if he could only recall it. The memory of his mother's warning flashed across him like a great sea wave:

"Thoughts *unexpressed* will sometimes fall back dead.

But God himself can't kill them *when they're said!*"

There must be some mistake! Thornton's words beat against his ear like the thunder of a thousand drums. *There must be some mistake!*

When Helen left the building she plunged blindly into the crowd of belated Christmas shoppers which thronged the streets. The day had been balmy and beautiful, far more like April than December. But within the hour the mercury had taken a downward tumble and a piercingly cold wind was beginning to whistle about the tall buildings. Those fortunate enough to possess furs and limousines crept into them. The rest began scurrying to whatsoever shelter the gods afforded them. Helen was not dressed for bitter weather, the jaunty jacket of her tailored suit was not fashioned for nights such as this promised to be. But she was unconscious of the cold. With that indefinable desire just to "get away" she struck out blindly through the crowd, walking on and on and on. Both mind and body were benumbed. Somewhere just outside her mental grasp was the consciousness of something terrible that had happened. What it was she could not have told. On and on she went, till at last the glimmering lights of the park came into view. She began to realize that she was walking unsteadily. Her feet no longer responded to her desire to keep on going. She dragged herself to a bench by the drive and sat down on it. There was not a soul in sight. Evidently the park was not popular on Christmas Eve. She began to grow drowsy. And how delightfully warm it was getting! The cold wind which but a moment ago had cut her through had melted to summer zephyrs. She would go to sleep and forget!

A moment later a big black machine shot into the lower end of the park. It came swiftly up the drive. It had a single occupant, a man who, like every one else who has a home, was hurrying to it on Christmas Eve. As the car shot past the bench, however, the chauffeur stopped suddenly.

"What's the trouble, Duffy?" asked the man inside.

"My God, sir! She'll freeze to death!" he replied.

"Freeze? Who? What are you talking about anyway?"

"A woman on the bench we just passed, sir."

"A woman? Back up. Quick!"

The man obeyed and when the bench was reached both men sprang out. Vainly they tried to rouse the drooping figure. True, she opened her eyes and stared blankly at them, but that was all, and neither of them noticed the silver bag which had slipped from her hand and fallen at her feet.

"Into the car, quick, Duffy!"

IT WAS not the man but the physician who spoke. It needed no second glance for him to realize that there was not a moment to lose, also that it was a case for the hospital and not the police station.

"To St. Luke's—as fast as you can!"

The man obeyed. When the hospital was reached and the white-uniformed internes had skillfully transferred the unconscious girl from the machine to the wheeled cart the doctor turned to the driver and said:

"You can take the car home, Duffy. And tell Mary and the kiddies they'll have to do without Daddy tonight."

At dawn, just as the chimes began ringing out the Christmas message, the doctor stood looking down into the face of a fever-tossed, wild-eyed, suffering girl. Who she was, or where she came from, he had no idea. He had picked her up off the street, as it were. But of one thing he was certain. She was no ordinary young woman. He noted the delicate, cameo-like face, the artistic-looking, slender hands and blue veined wrists. She was well worth saving. But as he looked at her the doctor realized that to do so would mean the fight of his life. Twenty-four hours later he realized it more than ever. That she had had some terrible shock the nature of which was unknown to him was evident, but next day an exclamation from him caused the white-capped nurse to look at him inquiringly.

"Pneumonia, also," he said.

IV

NEVER before had a man so devoutly thanked God for occupation as did Haverly that night. The Christmas paper had to be gotten out no matter what else happened. The office rang with cries for copy. The presses were running furiously. That Helen had done other than go home after she left him did not occur to Jack. Well, tomorrow he would try to see her, humbly to ask for forgiveness, and if she saw fit to withhold it (which he thought altogether likely), he would take his punishment like a soldier. It was no more than he deserved. But during the short time which had elapsed since she left him Haverly had become conscious of one weighty truth. Love is Love—no more, no less, and if the woman he loved had stolen the whole office equipment from the printing-press down to the ink bottle, he would love her just the same.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Jack assumed a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. But the mother was not to be deceived. She looked at him with eyes of understanding. Not for nothing had she watched over him for more than thirty years. His spirits were altogether too high to be natural. She was quick to detect the forced note in his laugh. When in the middle of the morning he said he was going out for a walk she looked after him and sighed. It was not difficult to surmise what was the matter.

As he walked down the street Jack's thoughts went back to the evening before. He would do what he could to make it right. Helen loved—no, she *had* loved him, and when a woman loves ——. But, no. She *couldn't* forgive him. No woman could. A man had no right to expect it. But he could tell her he was sorry and that he loved her and would love her always whether she forgave him or not.

It occurred to Haverly as he set forth on his way that he did not know Helen's address. He had seen her daily at the office and the lateness of the hour when his own duties were finished had precluded the possibility of much visiting. He went to the *Sentinel* building to look at the address book and when he reached the floor on which was his own office he heard the telephone ringing on his desk. He took down the receiver and said:

"The *Sentinel* office. Mr. Haverly speaking."

His face went white at what came over the wire. It was the desk sergeant of the Burton Park police station who spoke.

"Haverly, you say? Well, I guess you're just the man I am hunting for. Do you know Miss Helen Holden?"

"Yes. *Yes.* What about her?"

"Well, last night about nine o'clock, sir, one of my men saw a woman sit down on a bench in the park. It was so cold that he knew something was wrong and started to her. Before he could reach her a big limousine drew up, took the woman in and drove off. It was too dark for him to see the man or get the number of his car, but when he reached the bench he found a small silver bag lying on the ground. It has Miss Holden's cards in it and a small package addressed to you, sir."

(*Continued on Page 23*)

A Holiday With Kerrigan

1—REVEILLE
The morning sun has topped the hills,
And all the world's a care again,
Once more we hear the mountain rills,
Oh, wake up! Sahib Kerrigan!

3—NIMROD
Abaft the vale a grizzly stalks,
The rifle's poised, the aim is true,
And never more that bruin walks
When Warren K. is there to view.

5—SIESTA
The cheering sun, the redwood's bough,
A magazine, a nod, a yawn,
And then sweet slumber soothes his brow—
And rest creeps into brain and brawn.

2—"BELLES LETTRES"
The morning mail is good to read,
So filled with cheer and breathing bliss,
Belles Lettres of Belles' Letters, plead,
And make the morning air a kiss!

4—MERIDIAN
The hunter seeks the welcome camp,
The woodfire's glow is warming cheer,
And weary limbs and appetite
Proclaim the noonday meal is near.

6—TAHOE
The waning day, the sinking sun,
And then he tries pot-luck again,
How time has sped since day begun,
Oh, happy Sahib Kerrigan!

KATHLYN UNAFRAID

By GEORGE EDWARDS

THE Emperor Decius arose from the royal booth far above the arena's pit, and gazed in wonder at the white-robed figure of the Christian girl, who walked unharmed among the famished lions, and who raised her blue eyes to heaven and smiled. The jungle beasts had refused to harm her. The spectators ceased their babble; the bloodlust was chilling in their hearts, and they were afraid of the Christian girl's God.

* * * *

Nearly seventeen hundred years sped by. A fair-haired girl, with eyes as blue as the azure dome above, jumped nimbly from the back of her pony, on a Montana ranch, and reveled in the flowers that carpeted the valley. Suddenly the pony snorted in fear, wheeled on his rear hoofs, and darted to cover. The girl looked up wonderingly, and sat petrified as a huge red bull, pawing dust and bellowing maligantly, darted toward her. The girl smiled, and the beast paused. Then she held out a hand in welcome, and the animal's eyes opened wider. What manner of child was this that had not heard of his temper? The beast sniffed curiously, bent his wide nostrils close to the beautiful creature, and then, the fire deadened to ash in his heart, turned and saunntered slowly away.

Was the girl in the Roman arena the same lassie that conquered the enraged animal centuries later? Do such things happen in the cycle of the centuries? If they do not, then whence came the magic that Kathlyn Williams — Kathlyn Unafraid — exercises over the creatures of the forest?

"When fear no longer exists, and there is guile in one's heart toward none of Brahma's creatures," says the ancient Hindu, "then one may walk through the jungles, and every living thing is friendly." So it is with Kathlyn Unafraid, who speaks to the intrepid jungle cats, and stills their fears, and causes them to whine a welcome, and lie down at her feet. No lash, no peevish scoldings, no censure is her weapon—but a something that can not be seen or analyzed or properly described.

Once, when Toddles, the Selig elephant, had suffered the loss of his tusks, Kathlyn strolled dangerously near, and the muscular proboscis encircled her slender waist, and the little actress was lifted high above the enraged brute's head. But she spoke softly and reassuringly, and the evil went out of Toddle's heart, and he set her down on the ground. Why did his infuriated resolve to be done with her leave him, and prevent his carrying out his foul purpose? Toddles didn't know. If he could know, then all he realized was that the white heat of anger died within him, and from him sped the longing to destroy one of the members of the pigmy race of tormentors that held him captive.

"Wild beasts are not anxious to attack human beings," Miss Williams says. "But they are fearful of the strange bipeds that have such unfathomable ways—such unusual trickery. And within them rises the cry of self-defense, and they strike because they fear. Often I visit with my animal friends. The leopards are tractable, but the larger cats—such as lions and tigers—are more wary of human purposes. And yet, I have had them nestle their heads near my feet, and fall into a half sleep of vast contentment. When injury occurs, it is unintentional on the part of the animals. Once, to illustrate, we wished to have a leopard leap—presumably upon me. In order to make the illusion acceptable, the leopard must leap in reality. One of the men prepared a bait—a newly beheaded chicken, still warm and lively in its last reflex actions. I held it in my hands, and as the leopard sprung, I let go the bait, but all too soon. The beast landed on my shoulders, and his claws—accustomed to dig into the tree-limbs of his natal forest—pierced my soft flesh.

ONE of the property men grasped a fresh bait, and the leopard continued his spring. It was but a momentary pause, but my scalp was lacerated, and for days I was out of the films. But I do not blame the beast; it was my own fault in incorrectly timing his spring. He had no quarrel with me, but pursued what his appetite told him was a rare feast."

Elephants present the most ponderous dangers, for in even their playful moods they are never dainty or considerate. Folk who have lived in the wilds tell strange stories of the pranks of the pachyderms. Once, in a little South African Village, there was an early evening raid of young bull elephants, that had come to the village rim quietly in preparation of their devilish jaunt. Then, at the command of their leader, they descended on the town, the houses of which were constructed on stilts. With rampant trumpetings, they would "warp" into the buildings or against the props, and amid the screams of the affrightened population, the beasts made a safe "get-away," having had their questionable sport.

Once, when Miss Williams and Tom Sanchi were in a howdah on a pachyderm's back, the animal took fright, or else was prompted by some rougish impulse. He started to run, and although his loping was anything but graceful, the speed was considerable. A gum-tree grove was convenient to his aims, and toward it he raced, trumpeting loudly, with a half dozen sprawl-footed companions bringing up the rear, all contributing to the unearthly concert. Tom Sanchi was brushed off by a projecting bough, and Miss Williams chanced a slide down the toboggan-slope of the elephant's side. It was a bad fall, with one of the oncoming mountains of Asiatic flesh narrowly missing her—for elephants are not guaranteed to be of the non-skid variety.

There are times, when the sun is dipping behind the western hills, that Kathlyn Unafraid wanders through the great inclosures of the Selig zoo, where all manner of strange beasts are impounded. The animals sense her coming, and the sinuous cats pace expectantly in their cages, as she passes and speaks a word of cheer. They gaze at her questioningly, as though moved by wonder at the spell she casts upon them. And they know, when they are brought into the cast for animal pictures, that there's a sort of undefined honor to do what they should do—without harm to the wonderful little lady who weaves a spell over them.

Would you take the same chances? In the security of your home, or gazing at the beasts in a park zoo, you would perhaps claim lack of fear. But let it be understood that you were to enter a cage with a tiger — now, honestly, would you do it? Yet, uncounted "animal stories" are sent to the Selig company, the plots of which demand of Miss Williams chances that no one acquainted with wild beasts would ever ask her to take. The things the animals are supposed to do, not only credit to them human wisdom, but skill as well.

AND the action for Miss Williams, if these scenarios were to be produced, would demand her to do the very things that she must not do—the things that would enrage the beasts beyond reason.

All animals are susceptible to excitement.

Out at Selig Western there is a young woman of classic beauty and marvelous charm, and we love her because she is undaunted Kathlyn Unafraid

Others have copied her work, but never her success. Others take precautions, but Kathlyn understands the four-footed, soft-treading denizens of the dark, and acts natural with them

The great cats are the most irritable of them all. Even your faithful, loving house dog will go into a frenzy of excitement with a little teasing. You, his master or mistress, must draw a line beyond which his punishment must not go. He will take a whipping and may be scolded, but try to hurt him unduly, and unless he is a spineless thing, he will fight back. The preparations of a studio are filled with fuss and hustle and excitement, and the beasts feel this tenseness and are on the alert. What devilish trap are the humans springing for them now? What horrible death lurks in the wake of this preparedness? And while they are in this frame of mind, Kathlyn Unafraid enters the scene—and must conquer their natural fears and still their excessive perturbation. Strong men would shrink from the task, but Miss Williams can look straight into the eyes of these animals, and make them feel friendly toward her. She quiets their fears; she reassures them, as though she had learned their strange language—perhaps a language of gestures and expressions rather than of sounds—or maybe a sort of wireless system of messages that the beasts feel and interpret correctly.

One might fancy, with all her love for animals, that she would possess many of her own. But she is without dog or cat or horse, and must make her friends in the vast zoological gardens of the Selig Western plant. Once she had Boris, an English bulldog, scion of a $10,000 sire. But Boris is gone, and there are no animal members of the household.

Kathlyn Williams "set the pace" in animal pictures. Her "Adventures of Kathlyn" set in motion the introduction of jungle and veldt creatures into the silent drama. Others have copied her work, but never her success. Others take wonderful precautions, but Kathlyn understands the four-footed, soft-treading denizens of the dark, and acts natural when with them. Her animal stories (many of which she writes and directs herself) have made her famous the world over. Her "Balu, the Leopard Foundling," illustrates one of her innumerable strokes of constructive and histrionic genius. But she has had many pictures of the sort, and will have many more. Some day, the critics say, she will "get it." Perhaps she will, but never through the intentional rage of the animals. Through their extreme sensitiveness, and fear and suspicions, plus the excitement of the studios, they may strike out or sink their cruel teeth into her soft, white flesh. We shudder to think of such a tragedy. But should Kathlyn permit fear to creep into her heart and claim her, then the days of her animal stories would be at a close. These beasts feel fear. Perhaps they regard it as an indication of treachery. But when fear is absent, then intent of wrong-doing toward them is not present, and they are at ease, and without danger.

Once, a high-caste Hindu gazed at the screen showing one of the animal masterpieces of Miss Williams, and his eyes brightened. He had known of such things among the dark-skinned folk of his own land, where the vapors of the Ganges spread a strange miasma of mysticism over the forests and the plains. He arched his brows, and breathed: "How comes it that a woman of the Occident has solved our riddles?" And then he lapsed into silence, and admired the fair goddess of the screen, for he detected in her a kinship—a something that dated back, maybe, to the lost continent of the Pacific, whence came the philosophers of old.

Personally, Miss Williams seems to be simply a very delightful American girl, interested in the same things that other American girls find interest in, and absorbed with the same little opinions. She is delightful, always—and sincere, as well. That is the Kathlyn-of-the-Home. She sets aside her studio self, and forgets about her dangerous moments. But once she has prepared for a part, then the light of a strange understanding gleams in her eyes. Her other self has come into power—the self that projects assurance to the stealthy, alert forms in the cages and pits.

Stranger than all else, is that there should be combined in one person this hypnotic power over beasts, and a high type of dramatic skill. She seems to be a wholesome American girl thrown into the heart of strange adventure, but acting always as we might expect an American miss to act under the circumstances. The screen shows us none of her almost uncanny powers—not any more than her conversation with you would disclose. We must assume that her exercise of magic over animals is accomplished without conscious effort on her part—as though her waking mind had naught to think about but the interpretation of the part. We might feel that such strange powers could never reconcile themselves to golden hair and blue eyes. But the paradox is ever before us. She does not look like a sorceress over jungle creatures—and yet she is!

We are reminded, in considering the remarkable achievements of Miss Williams, that we are all cast for parts—we have been chosen without choosing; we find certain points of least resistance toward which we turn without knowing why, or reasoning, or questioning. It is doubtful if, through force of bravery, one could accustom oneself to mingle with the jungle beasts—cunning, fearful of the more highly cultured man-animals that have made them captive—the sinister, two-legged creatures that build strange prisons of slender steel, against which the brute-power of the beasts is of no avail. To the captive animal, man is the most abominable of all enemies—the last to be trusted, and the first to select for vengeance. But this slender, fair-haired, laughing eyed woman, knowing that danger lurks in the restive movements of the lithe denizens of the dark, feels no fear, and walks where strong men would hesitate to venture. What is the secret? Does she know? Or is there not something hidden in her mind that projects itself and commands respect and safety? We ask—but ask in vain—for we have learned but little, and must guess blindly at the rest. We judge only by watching effects. The causes themselves are mysterious. Sometimes we think we know—but how far we may come from the truth! The animals themselves do not know. It is not reason with them—but assurance. That is the manner of power she exercises over them—assurance. But how many of the rest of us, prating of bravery, would find solace amid the cages—when the sun goes down, and the spirit of the wilds is loosed in a mad desire for freedom? But at these times, Miss Williams walks among them, soothes them, and coaxes back into their troubled hearts the feeling of vast content.

Perhaps the haughty Decius, in modern form, may some day enter a picture theater and view Kathlyn on the screen. Would there not be awakened within him a secret memory of the past? Would he not rise from his seat and point a finger trembling toward her, and breathe, "What manner of woman is this?" Perhaps. Who knows? Who can guess all the riddles in these work-a-day times, where there are so many ordinary things to do? All we know is that, out at the Selig Western, there is a young woman of classic beauty and marvelous charm, who causes the beasts to do her bidding, and that we love her because she is Kathlyn Unafraid.

Photograph Copyright 1915 by De Gaston

Whence comes the subtle charm, the weird magnetic grip she holds upon our hearts?
'Tis not alone dramatic art for others please us in their varied parts
Upon the magic screen, that mimic of our features, actions, thoughts and fears,
Which registers with eloquence unspoken all our joys, our moods, our tears.
Whereon we actors see ourselves as others see us, virtues, defects—ALL!
A repetition of our other selves responding to the Author's call,
And yet gives glimpses through the Mummer's mask of our real selves and takes
A message to beholders, one which makes them love us, fear us, seals or shakes
Their confidence and brings respect or grim reserve, invites response in kind,
Strange telepathic messages, unerring, true, transferred from mind to mind.
We see her in her rags or coronet, her hair unkempt or dressed and feel
Her moods of pathos, petulance, her very frowns or tears are real.
'Tis art, Oh, yes, indeed, the art of nature's artist mirrored heart and soul,
For be she quaint princess or lowly beggar maid, she lives each varied role
And lives them all just as she FEELS them, THERE'S the secret of her grip and charm,
The reason why a great, big, bustling world lies willingly in the small palm
Of her well moulded hand, and we who know her days, her home her nature sweet,
Her kindly deeds to those around her, KNOW just why the world lies at her feet,
It is—the girl herself is good. Her charm of heart, her sweetness cannot vary
And so—"Miss Pickford" has been lost, we know her not, remains but "Little Mary."

—*Richard Willis*

In a Quiet Nook, between the Majestic Hills and the Deep Blue Ocean, nestles a Village of Art in the Kingdom of Make-Believe

INCEVILLE

By Dick Melbourne

Photo by Witzel
EUGENE H. ALLEN

IN a quiet nook, between the majestic hills and the deep blue ocean, nestles a Village of Art in the Kingdom of Make-Believe, and through its winding streets all manner of charming fairies dance, and Prince Charmings wend their leisurely way. It is just like an enchanted town in the story-books of childhood, and one may well expect to see a Spanish Galleon billowing in through the mysterious mists of the world beyond, laden with pieces-of-eight, and slaves, and a merry, bewhiskered band of deep-dyed pirates.

And this Dreamland spot is Inceville!

I paused in the offing and surveyed the city of golden dreams—and then the zestful odors of newly roasted beef greeted my willing nostrils, and I fared forth to learn the manner of folk who were gathered there. The rhythmic strains of a band mellowed up to welcome me—and, behold! I was at home with a horde of editors from the Far Country who had come to view the place where films are created. Ladies of Yesterday, and Courtiers gay, bedecked in their rainbow finery, strutted and bowed, and brushed elbows in Mission Court, to make a glad holiday for the strangers from afar. For a barbecue was on, and all manner of good foods waited the command of the hungry wayfarer. And the host beamed on his multitude of guests—the good host, Sir Knight Thomas Ince.

Thomas H. Ince is the employer of these bold knights and fair ladies, and his medium stature and determined jowl, mark him as a mortal of high voltage—who knows what he wants when he wants it, as the ad sharks say. Right here I pause to make a merry jest: "One can not mince with Ince." This is my own—although Mr. Ince may use it if he elects. I had often wondered why the photographs of Mr. Ince invariably showed the forehead lined like a railway terminal. He is not at all that way, except when weighty problems burden his mind. He is loved and respected—and he is inspirational, and his dynamic properties are contagious. He spreads the itch for work—for hard, constant work during the working hours, with the measure of art tempering the labor. One must admire Mr. Ince, for he has brought to reality the dream of a few years back; he has created a little empire of picture perfection, and he glories in the artists with whom he has surrounded himself.

It is a wonderland—that Inceville—with wonderful folk walking its winding lanes. The publican of the Ince Capital is Kenneth O'Hara. That does not sound much like the Spanish main; nor is it. Kenneth has the snap of Old Ireland in his make-up, and this snap is all in tune with Ince requirements. He looks very young for such laborious duties—but that is because his heart is light. Men grow old only when they take themselves too seriously; and women, when others take them too seriously.

It is no place for lazy legs, that Inceville. There are steep slopes, up or down, depending on the direction of one's progress. It reminds me for all the world of a Devonshire village in England, where one progresses from the roofs of one street, onto the level of the street above.

Past the buildings of Inceville, where all sorts of wonders are housed, I began the climb toward the upper reaches, and believe that all climbers encounter good company, for I met Charles Ray. I did not recognize him at first, for in this Kingdom of Dreams, I fancied I had been carried back to the stirring days of '61. Charles was a civil war officer, side-whiskers and all. We wandered along a terrace, for Inceville is constructed like the interior of a Pullman car, with upper and lower berths! This was an upper one—the row of dressing rooms, facing the broad Pacific. He is a charming fellow, this Ray. He was well-named—Ray. He radiates the sunshine that his juvenile roles give him as his right. Mr. Ray was playing at the time with Frank Keenan, a well-known legitimate actor—and both enjoyed the work. He is a well-put-together fellow, is Ray, and he is at home in that wonderland of Inceville.

Photo by Witzel
THOMAS H. INCE

There are various terraces, and some of them are devoted to dressing rooms. As I sauntered along one of these terraces, I encountered Howard Hickman, who had given himself over to the dreaminess of the day. Besides being a most accomplished star and a very lovable fellow, Mr. Hickman also has the distinction of being the husband of that delightful lady of the screen, Bessie Barriscale. Miss Barriscale occupies the room next door. You see, they get along beautifully. But this was her busy day, and beyond her ever-present smile she had scant time to distribute roses in my direction. Truly, I prefer Miss Barriscale's smile to many conversations! I mean the conversations of some others—not her own! Heaven forbid.

Louise Glaum
Photo by Linstedt

Margaret Gibson

Bessie Barriscale
Photoplayers Studio

Elizabeth Burbridge
Photo by Witzel

Rhea Mitchell
Photo by Witzel

Enid Markey

Margaret Thompson

Howard Hickman

Photo by Lorillard
William S. Hart

Photo by Hartsook
Charles Ray

Photo by Witzel
Barney Sherry

Photo by Witzel
Richard Stanton

Photoplayers Studio
House Peters

One of the terraces jutted out over the sea, as though it were looking for mermaids! And, bless me if there were not some honest-to-goodness fairies resting gracefully on the green slope! I blinked hard. This was Story-Bookland after all! No, it wasn't! There was dainty little Louise Glaum. I could pick Miss Glaum out of a million, if for no other reason than her fantastic gowns and her funny little caps. She and the other little fairies were listening to the band, and waiting for the call of duty. Louise is a heavy! You would never think it, but she insisted that she must be a heavy and she was. She is a very fine heavy, too—which refers to the vernacular of the films, and not to pounds and ounces!

Right beyond Louise I saw Rhea Mitchell, one of the Inceville leading ladies. Some of them call her "Ginger" Mitchell, but then, who isn't envious of beautiful hair? Her hair isn't red—only a reddish-brown, that catches the glint of the sun like 24-karat gold waiting for the finder. Enid Markey was also present. You know clever Enid who acts opposite to Willard Mack. She is very earnest, is Miss Markey, and some day she says she will return to the speaking stage. But I wonder if the pretty picture of Inceville-by-the-Sea won't blot out the stuffy auditorium, and make her homesick for the hills and flowers, and the smiling Pacific that is always convenient to encourage one on! Truly Shattock was also one of these fairy queens. She is a wonderful vocalist—with a voice like a mission bell. She sang to the multitude and they encored until she could respond no more—a penalty that art oftimes pays!

I fear I have kept you too long with the ladies. No? But let us not forget the men. Therefore, we shall start with William S. Hart, togged in his western garb, and showing the boys how to ride. He is a fine figure, and he fits a horse like money fits a bank book. He is rangy and lean—built for speed and durability. I hope he detects in this a worthy compliment. It is meant that way.

Richard Stanton was there, also, taking scenes in his big feature, "Aloha." Willard Mack and Enid Markey were in the pictures, and under Dick Stanton's direction, they always enjoy their work. "Smiling Dick," his friends call him, and the name fits him well. His spirit entertains guile toward no man, and he is as happy as the kin that he has in Heartfree Ireland.

Tom Brierly was in the throng—the maker of scenes and atmosphere. Oh, you thought that atmosphere was made by the Weather Bureau? Tut, tut! Tom makes it the way the weather sharks formerly made rain. He is the really truly rival of Medicine Hat—because he can create atmospheric chills as well as atmospheric sunshine. I knew him in the old Nestor days, but he is different now, as any ambitious, gifted mortal would be who is given free reign. He spends money on his scenes. No pasteboard and tinsel for him, but solid, enduring sets that bring reality into the pictures. Brother Lloyd helps by managing the men with the saws and the hammers.

But I must not overlook the "big boss," Eugene H. Allen, a man who is stocky of build and filled to overflowing with energy, purpose and resourcefulness. He is studio manager. To illustrate the type of man he is, I may merely say that Mr. Allen takes his reposeful rests in a high-power motor car! And Director Walter Edwards was there—an actor and a producer blended in one. He was working with Lewis S. Stone and Miss Barriscale. He is a genuine worker—but, then, who isn't around Inceville? Here is a hive that harbors no drones. So tremendously busy are they that handsome Raymond West just nodded the time of day—as though he were hastening to the shore to repel an attack of those Spanish Galleons! He began as a camera man, and was promoted to director, but he has never forgotten his camera skill. It aids him in producing those wonderfully clear films of the Ince trade-mark type. Reginald Barker is another young Ince director. He looks boyish—but why shouldn't he? It is easier to generate high-tension power than wilt in the world of day-dreams. Mr. Barker is a producer who helps maintain the high Ince standard. And I saw tall, magnetic House Peters bending down to emerge from his dressing room—the same House Peters who was with Famous Players, California Motion Picture, and Lasky. He revels in pictures, and his audiences revel in him.

I should like to dwell on the multiple charms of other Incevillers and Incevillains, but the sun is beginning to dip low in the west—like a crimson stain on the blue waters. I should like to sing the praises of beautiful Margaret Gibson, little Elizabeth Burbridge, sterling Margaret Thompson, fascinating Leona Hutton, bonny Barney Sherry, gracious Gertrude Claire, talented J. Wesley Gilmore, former Nestor manager—heaven bless the bunch of 'em.

But they know I have said it all in spirit if not in the written word, and if it comes from the heart, what more is needed? You would love them the same as I, could you hobnob with them beneath the boughs in Inceville, with the Pacific winking back at you, and the great green hills beaming down upon the scene. You would be reluctant in departing, and you would want to stay—and dream the dreams of Inceville—the dreams that billiard back to you from the screen. But you would feel the evening's coming, and you would look askance at the red spot in the sea and at the deepening sky, and you would do what I was forced to do reluctantly—bid a fond farewell to Inceville-by-the-Sea!

Inside a Romance Factory

Part III. My Third and Last Day as a Photoplayer—*By Oney Fred Sweet*

IT WAS the weather man who cheated me out of wearing a dress suit on the third day that I was an "extra" at the Essanay studios. Mr. Babille had told me I should come next morning with my best society manners as I was to take part in a ballroom scene. But then Mr. Babille had counted on the forecast of "cloudy weather." I had just completed my arrangements for a fit that would have been sure to have made me exceedingly popular among the fair movie fans, when Mr. Babille interrupted:

"Nothing doing on the ballroom stuff today," he informed me. "The sky's too clear. We're going to take advantage of it and go out into the country and get that train holdup we've been waiting for. You're going to be a bandit today and you'll find the property woman ready with your layout."

We sure were a tough looking bunch of bandits, too, as they crowded us into an autobus bound for a strip of railroad track just outside a north Chicago suburb. It almost scared me out every time I looked at the guy sitting next to me. The movie stars, making the trip in more luxurious autos, were not greatly disguised and, when opportunity offered, I nodded to them as I felt—being a fellow actor—I had a right to. Dick Travers was wearing a mighty stunning uniform and it occurred to me that nature had certainly cast him for a leading man. Somehow I didn't think I was going to like him because he was so good looking, but on close acquaintance I found him a regular fellow. Edna Mayo was along too and Betty Scott, and Sidney Ainsworth, and a whole bunch of lesser lights. It struck me that they all had a pretty good time together during the day's work, and somehow I fell to hero worshiping Mr. Calvert, the director.

I took my part as a bandit very seriously, and several times I asked the director if my Jesse James expression was suitable

Mr. Calvert was an old West Point man, I discovered, and he looked the part. After we got into the woods, and between the taking of scenes, Mr. Calvert had a habit of unconsciously picking up stones and bits of wood and hurling them playfully at distant objects. I took my part as a bandit very seriously, and several times I asked the director if my Jesse James expression was suitable, and how he thought the red bandana handkerchief around my neck would show in the film. It was on the depot platform at the little town of Niles that Mr. Calvert came upon me surrounded by a group of natives while we were waiting for the train to come in.

"You better go into the depot with the rest of the bunch," he complained. "We don't care to stir up any more excitement around here than necessary; we'll be bothered enough by outsiders, at best."

"That's so," I says, "if they want to see me any more they'll have to wait and pay to see me on the films."

Well, you couldn't blame the natives of that town for hanging around a bit curious. Imagine it yourself—being in a quiet little town like that with its block or two of Main street and seeing a bunch of wild westerners suddenly alight from taxicabs and autobusses. Some of the bandits wore red shirts, wide cowboy hats slouched about their ears, spurs clicked at their heels, and most of them were heavily bearded.

Curious small boys of the town hovered in the door of the waiting room or peeped through the windows, while their elders stood in groups on the depot platform allowing that "this here moving picture business did beat all."

It was aggravating to me that I didn't have the hang of the scenario and therefore could not tell

(Continued on Page 24)

SMILING MYRTLE STEDMAN

"Nobody has a monopoly on the sunshine, but the shadows are over-crowded and over-worked"

By BESS POWERS

Photo by Hoover, Los Angeles
There is a smile in her heart that illumines the smile on her countenance

HER DADDY called her "Smiling Myrtle" first, and the title endured, as all true titles must. A cheerful disposition is greater than vast wealth. It is wealth—something that panics can not attack, and years can not dim.

Myrtle Stedman—Smiling Miss Stedman—sees only the sunshine. She refuses to gaze on the shadows, because, as she puts it, "Nobody has a monopoly on the sunshine, but the shadows are over-crowded and over-worked." Which, by the way, explains the wholesome philosophy of this beautiful star of the Morosco studios. Her laugh is not made to order—but like the bright skies of Sunny California, it is always on duty.

There's a smile in her heart that illumines the smile on her countenance—and there is a rich love of humor. Miss Stedman revels in jokes; not the practical, harmful kind of jests, but the wholesome ones. To illustrate: In "Wild Olive," she was playing the part of a dark-haired woman, and her wig naturally fitted the demands of the character. An actor, who had recently been annexed to the Morosco forces, and who had not inquired as to the cast, remarked to Smiling Myrtle, "I am so glad you are a brunette; secretly, I detest blondes. I am so sorry to learn that Miss Stedman is a blonde. How strange I should dislike them so."

The next morning, on her way to her dressing-room, Miss Stedman noticed the open door of the blonde-hater, and thrust in her sunny head. "Good-morning, Mr. Brunette-Liker. Don't you think my tresses are a nice chestnut shade!" The outspoken one gasped in amazement. But, quickly recovering himself, he replied, "I knew you all the time, I really just wished to get a rise out of you." He had succeeded, and he got a unanimous rise out of the entire company as well—for Miss Stedman can laugh at a joke on herself as well as she can at one on the other fellow.

Really, Miss Stedman can cook. So many very pretty women can not cook, but Miss Stedman says, "Dyspepsia is an enemy of smiles, and smiles are the salt of the earth. Me for the restful stomach and the smiles." She knows how to roll her sleeves up and mix all manner of delightful dishes. She understands her range, and her cook book, and "makes up a lot out of her head." This adds to the attractiveness of her beautiful home, and adds to her host of friends, who grow weary betimes of restaurant fare, and long for a pie like mother was wont to bake.

But Miss Stedman's talents do not cease there. She is an honest-to-goodness carpenter, and can drive a nail better than most actresses can drive a motor car. She can saw and hammer, and she helped the mechanics of the Morosco studio in the construction of certain additions to the plant. Leastwise, she sawed a board or two—and wasn't that helping? Her own home has fared well through her building art, and she no more fears a carpenters' strike than she fears shadows.

Her dressing-room reflects her good taste. There are inglenooks and curtains, and a Japanese teapot and heaven knows what not, besides the regulation grease paints and powder and theatrical cold cream.

This begins to look as though Miss Stedman's praises had been all sung—but, hold! "Sung" is a very good word, because Myrtle Stedman is a big sister of the thrush, and wouldn't need to worry if the picture machines never operated again. She has a voice—a very beautiful voice, and long cultivation has made it wonderfully modulated. She was reared for an operatic career. When "Wild Olive" was shown in a Los Angeles theatre, the proprietor requested Miss Stedman to sing, and she did—at two performances, charming the audience and bringing forth unstinted praise from the press. Indeed, she was in opera, and she was in stock. But always her voice was treasured as something precious. And today it is as wonderful as it was in the days that were.

"When my fingers rest on the keys of the piano," Miss Stedman confided, "and I begin to sing, all the fatigue of the day passes. But it is not wholly because I enjoy it, I guess; it gives pleasure to others, and pray, what is more enjoyable than making others happy? You see, I belong to the Smile Club. It is not incorporated; it has no charter. But its members are world-wide, and the membership is growing. When I was a member of the Whitney Opera Company in Chicago, I delighted in making people happy with my voice. Why should I be averse to the same satisfaction now, even if there are no boxoffice receipts?"

The time came when the "films" cast their hypnotic glance in Miss Stedman's direction. She fell under the baneful ban, and spent many enjoyable months in the great red-and-green hills of Colorado—up near the roof of the world. It didn't seem like work. It was different, acting out in the lonely places, beneath the turquoise dome. And after a time, she ventured a question. Said she to Mr. Turner, "Do you think I will do in pictures?" And he confessed that she would do. "Stay as long as you like," he told Miss Stedman. "Oh, very well," she responded. "I think I shall stay. I rather like to have the sky as my proscenium arch."

Later on, as the star of destiny lured her westward, she encountered the Bosworth outfit, and played in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," and others. She had "found herself," and all the world knew it. And now her recent Morosco successes, playing opposite George Fawcett in "Wild Olive," and opposite Cyril Maude in "Peer Gynt," have proved that Myrtle Stedman listened correctly to the voice of Opportunity when she found music in the clicking camera—and realized that its all-seeing eye is the eye of the world.

She is accomplished—very. She is charming—exceedingly. She has a way of making pestilential interviewers feel less of their obtrusive guilt, and more at home. That of itself is a token of true art, for an interviewer—well, a cup of steaming tea broke down the barrier and made us friends.

But let us not overlook Miss Stedman's winning smile—the smile that buds in the heart and blossoms on the lips; the perennial flower that distinguishes this delightful lady and makes us wish to see her succeed to such a degree that her success will pass all former boundaries. And—that is the way she is succeeding, which is a just reward for such a human actress, whose heart beats with the heart of the world.

Miss Stedman has made a wonderful impression in the films. Some actresses from the speaking stage seem to forget that the screen has its own peculiar requirements. They retain their stage ideas. But Miss Stedman took naturally to the films and the result is shown in her splendid work. Her admirers are as countless as the sands, and the public looks forward to each release in which she is starred. These facts are attested by her great volume of correspondence, coming from all parts of the country, and alive with hearty compliments. "Whenever I am acting in the studio or out on locations," she said, "I feel that my audience is before me, and that I must be as faithful in my work as though the millions were present in person, instead of by proxy—the proxy being the camera." Miss Stedman's smile has made her art more endearing, and has increased the number of her admirers.

She is an honest-to-goodness carpenter, and can drive a nail better than most actresses can drive a motor car; and yet she is a really-truly, fairy in the sylvan scenes of Filmland—a woman who mirrors the details of her environs

THE CRUISE OF CRUZE AND BRACY

A Thrilling Cruise, But a Pacific Finish

FROM occan to ocean isn't very far—on the map. The men who selected the Lincoln Highway didn't do their traveling by map. Neither did Jim Cruze and Sidney Bracy—they of "Million Dollar Mystery Fame." It's only a year ago that the "Mystery" films flourished in all their glory. Jim and Sid have had some glory of their own since that time.

They had left Salida, Colo., and were motoring along the skyline of the top o' the world in the Rockies. Jim is western bred so the big hills didn't give him vertigo. Sid and "Mac" and "Al" were Bronx-broke, and never saw many mountains higher than the Catskills, which, as any westerner knows, are not mountains at all—or a-tall, if it looks better that way. The mountains Bracy had seen in Australia, he had forgotten.

"How far is it down there?" Bracy asked warily as he measured the distance between the non-skids and eternity.

"Oh, a mile or so," Cruze responded nonchalantly, which is a very good way to respond on matters of altitude.

"Anybody ever fall over?" Sid queried again, as he mopped the moisture from his palms. Nobody should perspire two miles above sea level, and yet Bracy's hands were humid.

"Once a fellow fell over," and Cruze's mind reverted to the old western days when imagination usurped the place of veracity. "He had a fine kit—new sweater, a moose-skin cap, a six-gun, other apparel, and new rubber boots—nice shiny rubber boots. Well, he lost his balance and down he came. When he hit, his rubber boots proved their merit. He bounded back—not all the way. He could almost reach the ledge, but not quite. Once more he went into the canyon, and again he bounced up; not so far as before, though. Each time he bounded, his case became more hopeless. For three days he bounced thus." Jim paused.

"What then?" Bracy asked sympathetically.

"The boys had to shoot him to keep him from starving to death."

"Poor devil!" Sid sighed, as he glanced fearfully into the Valley of the Shadow.

"You don't believe it, do you?" Mac querled in derision.

"Oh, no," Sid admitted with a shiver. "Only, it helps absorb my thoughts. Go ahead, Jim, and tell another. This time tell about all the details, each jump and bound, like; One little, two little, three little Indians! It will help save dental bills—my teeth are chattering themselves into fragments."

Utah is Jim's home state. He was incorporated there, so to speak. The only bad feature about Utah, is that so many persons slander it. Utah shouldn't be slandered. It produced Jim Cruze, and isn't that redemption enough? Let us prove it.

At Provo, a freckle-faced lad eyed the pair curiously as they drove up before the theater in their big, mud-spattered car. (Note: We call it "the car." Jim and Sid bought it, so we stand pat with 'em in not advertising its name!)

"Hello, Bud!" Jim shouted to this particular youth. The boy nodded mournfully.

"Don't know me, do you?" Cruze persisted. The boy nodded his head.

"Well, I'm from Utah," Jim continued. "It's a great state, too. Some day you may be a famous actor like Bracy and I are!"

"Him?" the boy asked, pointing at Sidney.

"Sure, both of us. I was born in Utah."

"Where was he born?" the kid queried thoughtfully keeping a dexter digit leveled at Bracy.

"Australia," Jim explained.

"That in Utah, too?"

"Oh, no, Australia is fifteen thousand miles away."

"No it ain't," the lad corrected. "That'd be over half way around the world and on the way back. We ain't all nuts just because we was born in Utah."

"That's the statue of Brigham Young," said Cruze proudly, as the party slowed down in the big square opposite the Temple.

"That guy?" Bracy asked, gazing at the heroic bronze.

"Had forty wives," Jim continued proudly.

"Forty!" Sid repeated, holding up all his fingers and thumbs four times to confirm the estimate.

"Forty!" Jim replied with emphasis. Then noticing the look of abstraction in Bracy's eyes, Cruze continued, "Well, why the doubt?"

"Oh, there's no doubt, Jim," was Sidney's rejoinder, "only I was wondering if those wives were all leads or if some were only extras!"

Idaho isn't as thickly populated as the Borough of Brooklyn, although it takes up a great deal more space. Bracy refers to it as the "Region of Vast Silences." Cruze, being of the West, remembers it for its Coeur de Alene mining district, a mammoth producer of silver and lead.

"Why, Sid," he explained enthusiastically, "that camp has produced more lead than all of Europe has used for bullets in its great war—thousands of tons of lead—and lots of silver; oh, mountains of silver."

"What kind of silver?" Bracy queried hesitantly.

"What kind of silver? There you go, you tenderfoot; why, there's just one kind of silver, and that's silver, just as there's one kind of lead. Didn't think there were many kinds, I hope!"

"Oh, no, just two kinds of silver, but several kinds of lead, such as Entente lead, and Ally lead. And, Jim, considering all the bullet material those mines produced, I wondered ——"

"Wondered what?"

"If they might have produced German silver?"

"Oh, yes," Cruze responded airily, "about Teuton!"

"Let's write poetry," Jim suggested one night in an Oregon hotel, long after the last show. "We'll make up complimentary poems about each other."

"As you say!" Bracy agreed, sleepily. After some moments of labor, Cruze straightened up, with triumph showing in his flashing eyes. As a poet, Jim is a fine actor. This is what he produced:

Sidney Bracy
From Australia,
Though he's crazy,
He won't failya!

"Pretty good," Sid admitted, "Now, shall I read mine?"

"Shoot!" Cruze ordered, with the light of triumph still in his eyes.

This was Sidney's:

Jimma da Cruze,
Beega da sport,
Drinka da Booze,
Bya da quart!

The light of triumph faded from Jim's eyes. They were in a dry town! ! !

In a northern California town, a peg-legged man, with a cannabalistic, cadaverous countenance, plodded after them all day. At each show, he occupied a front seat. On the street his timber prop and one squeaky shoe thumped behind them doggedly. As they ate their meals, the sorrowful looking stranger gazed through the windows at them.

"Poor fellow," Sid sighed, "maybe he's hungry."

"Likely a stick-up," Jim suggested in his mysterious western way. "Probably has a rifle concealed in his wooden leg. We'd better keep cases on him."

At each evening performance, he was present, saying nothing, but watching intently. After the final act, he thumped along menacingly in their wake. Plainly, in the vernacular, he "had their alleys."

Suddenly Jim turned and faced the decimated shadow.

"Well?" he asked sharply.

"All's well!" the peg-legged one replied wearily.

"Then why are you following us?" Cruze demanded hotly.

"I have only been waiting to ask you a civil question," the cripple piped tearfully.

"Fire away!" Cruze commanded.

The peg-legged one cleared his throat nervously. All day he had awaited this opportunity—had gone without food and comfort to enlighten his troubled mind.

"Well?" Jim prompted impatiently. A wan smile stole over the Frankenstein-like face.

"I want to know," the other began hesitantly, "how long it tuk ya to grow them beautiful whiskers in Zudory! I'm so damned homely, I'd give this here other leg to raise a fringe like that to hide my doggone countenance. Jim Cruze, whiskers is a great means of beauty. They sure is, Jim. Whyinell didya ever cut yurn off?"

Autograph friends are numerous. Just what good an autograph can do—or what harm—neither Cruze nor Bracy could ever fathom, until that last day of the coast-to-coast journey shortly after the waters of San Francisco Bay had greeted them. They had just completed their toilet in their rooms and Peggy Snow had gladdened Husband Jim's heart by her unexpected but welcome arrival from Los Angeles.

A young man—an apologetic, Sunday-schoolish, smiling young chap, approached them timidly as they chatted in the lobby.

"Mr. Cruze?" he asked gently, as he toyed with a memo book and looked hopeful.

Cruze nodded.

"It's a foolish request—a common one," the youth began, "but I love to collect autographs of great players. May I have yours?"

Grasping a pencil in his fingers Cruze wrote his famous J. Hancock on the memo sheet, the young man bowed and departed and Jim, Peggy and Sid resumed their conversation.

A clerk approached them hurriedly.

"Mr. Cruze," he broke in nervously, "did you know that young man? I hope you didn't give him your autograph?"

"Sure, I did. Why? He's a good kid, isn't he?"

"He!" the clerk responded in amazement. "Why, that's Spencerian Spence, the cleverest forger on the Coast."

"I wish I'd known it," Cruze commented thoughtfully.

"Well, when you open a bank account you'll know it, all right," the clerk replied heatedly.

"Oh, that isn't the idea," Cruze corrected hastily. "He can't harpoon me that way, but gee! what a find he'd be as a secretary. Just think! If I sent him to the telegraph office to send a wire, the fellow who got it wouldn't know that I hadn't written it!"

And Bracy laughed in both hands, and pretended he was smothering a sneeze.

The representative of the Company who made the automobile the actors used, called on them in San Francisco. He was loud in his praises of the car, enthusiastic over its splendid condition, and likewise hopeful of publicity.

"Few water troubles?" he asked, beaming on the boys.

"Few," Jim admitted.

"And not too much outlay for gas?"

"Nope," Bracy agreed.

"Many punctures?"

"Not many."

"How about blow-outs?"

"Blow-outs!" the pair echoed. "Say, we had 'em in every town!"

"Oh, well, that's up to the tire company," the agent mumbled philosophically.

"Tire company?" Bracy chuckled. "The blowouts we had didn't seem to tire our company in the least. And every time we had a blow-out, it was characterized by the loud detonations of both Brut and Dry!"

"Well, Jim," and Sid brushed away a suspicious globule beneath each eye, "the best pals must part. Vacationing is over. We've seen the breadth of the U. S. A. Broadway beckons me and the Coast claims you. As a final act of fraternal affection, I'll match you to see who gets the car."

"Oh, you take it—gwan, take it," Jim urged.

"No, we'll match," Bracy persisted.

"Very well, what's your choice?"

"Heads," said Bracy.

Jim extracted a coin from his pocket, and poised the silver-piece on his thumb.

"Heads, did you say?" and he looked at Bracy curiously.

Sid nodded his affirmation.

"Oh, I wouldn't take heads if I were you. No, I can't permit you to take heads. Neither will take heads!"

"Then how can one win?" Bracy asked in bewilderment.

"It's a two-bit piece, Sid," Jim replied cordially, "and we'll take tails—cocktails," as he led the march to the bar. "You see, Sid, that fool agent got stuck on the old boat, and bought it back for what we paid. Now we'll cut the gate, fifty-fifty. We'll both take tails, eh? Hey, Mister, make it a Bronx on two—that's so homelike!"

And the Cruise of Cruze and Bracy ended in a toast to the Land that Begins where the Sun Comes Up and Extends to the Sunset Coast.

HENRY WALTHALL—MASTER EMOTIONALIST

The Fade-out and Fade-in of the Chill and Glow of a Man's Heart in the Sunshine of a Woman

"HE STANDS over six feet and is as handsome as Apollo." Thus the world passes upon the physical make-up of man. Not so with talented Henry Walthall, lead in "The Avenging Conscience" and star and hero in "The Birth of a Nation." As one great poet put it:

"Though I could reach from pole to pole,
And grasp Creation in my span;
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind's the standard of the man."

Henry Walthall is not tall, and he does not claim to be handsome. But there is a light of the superman, the beam of genius, that illumines his countenance and makes him different and far superior. He has that wonderful dynamic "something" that, for want of a better name, we call magnetism. His presence radiates from the screen, and yet that presence dovetails so nicely into the theme of the story and the cast and the action and the beauty of the play, Henry Walthall has taken his place as the dramatic criterion of the screen. He does not admit it. He may not even think it. Henry Walthall is modest and unobtrusive. Acting art, as applied to the photographic drama, has suited his special adaptabilities.

Those who have seen the two great Griffith plays recognize that Henry B. Walthall is distinctive in his interpretative art. When David Wark Griffith first met this young actor at the Biograph studio, the great producer recognized the genius that awaited molding for the topmost plays on the screen. And yet Henry Walthall did not go into pictures and remain with them. Indeed, he might never have taken up films for his work had it not been for James Kirkwood. They had been together in stock for several seasons, and both being quiet, thoughtful men, their friendship was natural and durable. Then came the Summer with its stage holiday, and Henry Walthall had little to do. Through the persuasion of Mr. Kirkwood, he visited the Biograph studios and watched the filming of a play in which Mr. Kirkwood was acting. Mr. Walthall studied the direction and the work of the cast. It was then that Mr. Kirkwood introduced the future great star to Mr. Griffith, and there is no question that Kirkwood put in many elaborate "asides" that started Griffith thinking about the possibilities of this stranger.

The appearance of these new features on the screen was a fact that was noted and commented on favorably by picture patrons. The question began to circulate throughout the land: "Who is this new picture actor?" Few knew his name, and the company he was with did not lavish advertising on its stars, nor did Walthall himself crave publicity. He did not understand the value of its purport. After more work on the legitimate stage, he returned to the Biograph and became associated with Griffith. Time and again these associations were severed through the trend of events, but the magnetism of both men drew them together repeatedly, and the friendship that was begun ripened into mutual admiration. They respected each other. They have never been niggardly or backward about heaping praise upon each other's heads, and yet they have not been in each other's company as much as one might suppose.

"The Birth of a Nation" was Henry Walthall's big play. He will have other big plays in the future, and through the vehicle of that master of production, Mr. Griffith, Walthall found himself, and wherever these films have been shown there was always one name on the lips of those who viewed the play—Walthall. Every emotion that can be found upon the strings of human sympathy have been brought into action by this star in "The Birth of a Nation." Happiness, hope, despair grief, determination, tenderness, belief, invention, satisfaction, organization, revenge, love, hatred—these and a thousand other reflections of the soul are to be found in Mr. Walthall's part. And in the expression of each emotion and each mental change will be found the indelible imprint of genius. We do not say that it is Mr. Walthall's eyes, or his expressions, or his dramatic action, or any other single thing that makes him what he is. It is all of these talents working in unison. If you were to stand back quietly in the Essanay studio and watch Henry B. Walthall at work, you would realize at once that he had shut out all of the rest of the world. He *lives* each second before the camera and what he lives is explained by the part he plays. Many aspiring screen actors shout and talk and babble as though a multitude had gathered before them. The words that Mr. Walthall speaks are generally inaudible. He has stilled vocal action. He is speaking the words in his mind as though he feared his voice might disturb him.

Henry Walthall is a Southerner and it is natural that he should possess certain Southern characteristics, prominent among which is his inborn pride. He resents uncouth familiarity which strikes a discord in his nerves. He never thrusts himself upon any one. He feels that he should be privileged to select his own companions and decide on his own friends. If you have seen Mr. Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation," you could not help feeling the slow anger that kindled within him when his kin suffered insolence. You could sense that gentleness and tenderness of his nature, as though his opinions would prove incorrect. As these tragic facts drilled deeper within him and he cogitated the insults in the moments of his calm meditation, the fire of anger would burn more brightly—not the sputtering or red flame that is so commonly seen in the emotional work of the films—not like the crackling wood-fire, but rather the slow, steady, intense, even heat of the coal fire's glow, until the red turns to cherry and the cherry to white.

IT IS not remarkable that Henry Walthall does not appreciate his own genius. True genius never appropriates unto itself the fame that must be decided by others. It is too busily engrossed in its own affairs. Art can not stop to worry about the world. If the world decides later on to gaze and admire and become enraptured, well and good. But the world must not worry a genius. It must let him go his way, because what he does is natural to him. It is part of him. It is something that has entered into the weave of the warp and woof of his being. There were times, when the Photoplayers' Club of Los Angeles was at its height of popularity, that Mr. Walthall would saunter into its seclusion, meeting his friends and acquaintances and modestly sit at a table while the others babbled their fleeting opinions. Some would sing and some would recite. Some would engage in oratorical fights. One day, they prevailed upon Walthall to aid in the entertainment. He obliged with "The Day it Rained." A silence fell upon the assemblage like a benediction at eventide. Those who heard, felt and shared the sorrows of the man who loved and lost. His own well-modulated voice was in marked contrast to the more vociferous efforts of the others.

When one thinks of that voice, it is not difficult to understand Walthall's success on the speaking stage. A perfect delivery, clear enunciation, rich sympathy, and the mastery of dramatic interpretation were all blended in the words that Walthall spoke. There is that minor touch of a Southern accent, which was his true heritage and dates back to the days when his folk were cotton planters in Alabama. The Alabama estate is still there and sentiment counts it part of the family possession. Some day Walthall will return to the old mansion under the Southern skies. In these environs, he spent his childhood, and here it was that he and his brothers and sisters were educated under a private tutor, many miles separating them from other habitations. He was eighteen years of age before he ever saw the interior of a theater. Once he had viewed the art behind the glow of the footlights, he was determined on his career. Walthall's mother looked askance upon her son's histrionic ambitions. Indeed, he may never have taken up a stage career had it not been for the fortuitous outbreak of the Spanish-American dispute. He enlisted in a southern regiment and journeyed as far as Florida, where fever took him and spared him from the firing

line. But during the days of his convalescence, the theater proved more alluring than ever.

The time came when Mr. Walthall's mother was taken away. Then he bid farewell to the old Southern mansion and turned his face toward the great metropolis, whence had come wondrous stories of the Great White Way and its marvelous array of playhouses. The words of the immortal Shakespeare echoed and re-echoed in his ears: "The play's the thing."

It was in New York that he met the manager of the Murray Hill Stock Company and was given a small part. That was all Mr. Walthall really wanted, and from that time on he continued to climb. He joined one stock company after another, doing his share of the one-night stands and often six different plays a week. But this all has to do with the speaking stage, and perhaps that is not really what we wish to hear. It is interesting, however, to note that he was with Henry Miller for four years, appearing in London with that great, well known star in "The Great Divide." This was between engagements at the Biograph. Fate had decreed that this should be the "great divide" and that beyond it must lay his unbroken film career.

Since joining the films, Mr. Walthall has been with the Biograph, Reliance, Balboa and the Essanay—the latter alliance being of recent date. During his screen career, he has given the world some wonderful pictures, including not only those to which allusion has already been made, but also through his Hollefornes in "Judith of Bethulia;" as Strongheart, the Indian, in "Ramona;" in "Home, Sweet Home;" in the Ibsen dramas put on at the Reliance studios. In "Ghosts," his acting was a study and carried with it such pronounced dramatic emotion, it did not seem to be a thing of this world at all. It breathed horror, which means the very frontier of dramatic art.

Henry B. Walthall has fared very well materially. He owns property in California, Alabama, Florida and New York. Nor does he desert the call of the gods of recreation. With rod and reel, he seeks the quiet places where he may meditate while the wary fish nibble furtively at his bait. He reads good books, and is passionately fond of music. He loves the quiet, the refined and beautiful; and yet, in no sense is he esthetic. He is rather easy-going and believes that everything will happen in its own good time. Henry Walthall is a gentleman. It might be said that he is a gentleman of the old school, although his dramatic work is up to the greatest requirements of the present day. His connection with Essanay auger still greater things. In "Temper" and "The Woman Hater," Mr. Walthall has already forecast what successes he will achieve in his Essanay roles. He has found a permanent place in the esteem and affections of the public, and he has established new standards. In the screen art, Henry B. Walthall is admittedly the greatest exponent of the silent drama, beyond which we believe no other compliment is necessary.

Salisbury Wild Life Pictures

By EDWARD A. SALISBURY

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series by the famous cinematographer of wild animal life. The Salisbury pictures constitute one of the most important contributions to natural history in a generation. They surpass all former nature studies in that they show wild life in motion. Every school boy and girl should agitate for the Salisbury pictures at the local picturetplay house; they will be enjoyed as much by grown-ups.

Not alone on land, on sea, in the air, has the clicking camera projected its force, but even into the realm of the finny tribe

THE Rainbow trout is a very elusive and extremely active member of the restive finny tribe, and in taking motion pictures of these California mountain-stream natives, we have numerous exciting experiences. They are big fellows, these Rainbow specimens, and some of them grow to a weight of thirty-five pounds—temptation for the most ardent angler. The Rainbow trout is more highly colored than his cousin, the Steelhead, and indeed the latter shows decidedly human vacation characteristics, taking to the salt water once each year, but returning to its natal fresh water to spawn. On the other hand, the Rainbow trout has naught in common with the brine, and is found only in lakes or streams that have no direct connection with the ocean. This may read distractingly technical, but there is something in wild-life that is akin to the balance of us mortals—who can know too much about nature?

Upon investigating the habits of the trout family, I found Mr. and Mrs. Rainbow returning to the same stream as high as ten years in succession—producing the while their own chromatic counterparts. You may doubt that one can recognize a fish, or be on speaking terms with it for ten years. But the Government inspectors do not depend on their memory for faces; they place metal tags in the fins of these beauties—and the tags tell their tales of visitation. In approaching the stream, these fish usually appear above the falls, by climbing natural steps, or ladders, or by means of the artificial ones constructed by the Fish and Game Commission. Some of the fish, and especially the salmon, are so strong that they are able to swim "uphill," right through the falling water. Such speed is back of their efforts, they frequently shoot several feet in the air after gaining the top of the cataract.

It is a difficult task to secure clear pictures of these denizens of the water. I have seen thousands of these trout plainly, and yet the camera has been incapable of catching the movements of their shining bodies. The trap-houses, in which we impound these fish, cause these huge congregations. But when the fish were taken from these traps, to be spawned artificially, we secured some most remarkable pictures, which, I believe, are the first of the kind ever taken. Many folk have told me that they had no idea that fish could be forced to propagate—but the truth remains, and students will find much to contemplate in looking into the details of this important industry. The moving picture has brought wild-life into our very homes—at our threshholds, and has invited us to know the nature of which we are a part. The wilds are robbed of their mysteries, and nature is made to divulge her innermost secrets, that have all the while been awaiting the scientific command of man.

It happens sometimes that some strange incident—one, perhaps that may not be duplicated in a thousand years—presents itself to the cinematographic scientist. But so small a thing as a tiny drop of water or a grass-blade on the lens may ruin this solitary chance to picture a deep secret of the wilds. Once, after making the most careful preparations to procure pictures of mallard ducks, we learned, upon examining the films, that a splash of water across the lens had ruined the day's most alluring and unusual work. Yet my camera-men had been careful—had taken all precautions—all but foreseeing the water-splash that screened from the view of men some of the most striking truths about these beautiful feathered creatures.

It is not the water-drop or the dust-fleck that works all the mischief; ofttimes the mechanical clicking of the camera will set the inhabitants of the wilds scurrying, swimming or flying to cover. Still, great good fortune has attended our efforts. Who would believe that mortal man could get within three feet of a living, alert mallard? I did it—and we could easily have filmed several hundred more feet of these suspicious birds.

You, who view the Salisbury pictures on the screen, see only the snappy incidents. Hundreds of thousands of feet of film have been taken in order to get the "big moments," and but a fragment of the whole has been shown. The picture audience demands everlasting change. One second of tarrying will cause shuffling of feet and yawns. The audience, I venture with all respect, is as difficult to please as the wild game!

I feel that I have succeeded when I hear folk in the theatre say that they could have watched much more of my sort of films. Like the temperate meal, it satisfies, but leaves a yearning for more of the same kind. But to surfeit the public! That is a different thing.

In our jaunts through mountains and woodland, we became careful students of nature—the good nurse that leads us all, be we human or "lower," through the mesh of experience. We learned many interesting things about these little folk of the wild. We learned when and where and why the birds were to be found in their nests—and the most favorable conditions for these original monoplanes. We learned why mallards construct their homes in haystacks, and why mud-hens build their nests on the surface of swamps. Thousands of details came before our notice—and always we found that these various tribes of streams, air or wood, had a sort of organization—like monarchies or republics, independent of the greater governments of men. And we found, too, processes of thought in many of these "lower animals," showing that we of human form have not monopolized the powers of Creation. And I am sure that you will think of these truths when you view "Salisbury Wild Life" on your home theatre screen.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

VIII

SERGEANT JERRY McGUIRE stood on the portico of the Tivoli hotel and clapped his hands lustily. Jerry was not encoring an act; he was attempting to lure a *cochero* from the lazy shade of the palms that skirt the drive above De Lesseps Park, and pursue a vanishing landeau that even now was swinging zigzag fashion into Panama's *Avenida Central*.

"Dammacussedspiggot!" McGuire breathed hotly and peevishly, as he fanned the tropic flush from his inflamed features. "They never want to carry just one—and me wlliin' and glad to pay four-bits silver a mile! Gawd, such bustlin' enterprise!"

In the speeding coach that the officer watched in anguish were Grace Mollaine and Vivian Sinclair, frightened suspects, madly in love—not with men; heaven forbid! In love with the ambition to escape. Since that terrible "murder watch" had reappeared, and the *Star and Herald* and the *Journal* had commented on it freely, the hapless ladies were the most talked-about persons on the Isthmus—always steeped in plot, intrigue and tragedy, but welcoming each new morsel with a hunger that knew no satisfaction. A block or two along the main thoroughfare of Panama, the coach did a customary thing for a Panamanian vehicle: It collided with another coach, and lost one wheel in the impact. Vivian and Grace were pitched headlong to the rough pavement, and there they lay—crumpled little heaps of suffering femininity, that most any gallant on earth would have paid a king's ransom to rescue. It was thus that Sergeant McGuire found them a few seconds later, and a sense of pity almost mastered his regard for duty.

"Poor dears," he muttered, glad to know that Mrs. McGuire was in distant New Orleans and couldn't hear his blubbering pity. "Poor dears, mebbe they ain't so bad as I've pictured 'em." Tenderly, he gathered Grace in his arms and placed her in his waiting coach. Then he picked up Vivian with equal tenderness, and found time a moment later to shake a hard, round fist at the gaping, jabbering natives—sprinkled with the ample ebony of Jamaican and Barbadian origin.

"Them bloody blacks," Jerry mused, "talks like a lot o' English lords—landlords! Happy the day English landlords ain't black, or how in blazes would me kin pot 'em on a stormy night in Ireland? But, still, as regards their hearts, them English is ——"

"Beggin' your pawdon, sir," one of the blacks bellowed, as he hastened to the vehicle. "Hi found this 'ere on the pave, sir; hit may be himportant!" Jerry gazed steadfastly at the negro with the cockney accent, and shook his head sadly, forgetting thanks and other gratuities. The language of the Ethiope was beyond him. Then he turned his eyes to the bit of paper that was in his hands. It was a cablegram from the States! It was addressed to Miss Mollaine and contained the single word, "Flee."

"It makes a noise like a bed-bug," McGuire whispered whimsically, as he knit his troubled brows and pondered what idiot could be paying six dollars and eighty-five cents for one word "flee." While thus musing, the coach made a sharp turn that nearly upset the already dishevelled occupants, and began the climb back along Balboa Road to the big government hotel in Ancon.

The young ladies had opened their eyes curiously before they had reached the Tivoli, and stared in open amazement at Jerry. They were so bewildered and hysterical, the policeman almost forgot his fine philosophy about beautiful women. The fight was gone out of them. They were little and shrinking and very helpless, and that is a fearful combination for a policeman to solve. Jerry swallowed vainly at a huge, aching lump in his throat, but the more he swallowed, the larger the lump became. Then he blinked very hard and made a resolution—which he carried into effect next day. He would be done with this gum-shoeing; he would question the young ladies ingenuously, and be out in the open with his tactics.

Vivian and Grace were seated on the rear veranda the following afternoon, pretending to read, but really whispering feverishly, and they looked up helplessly as McGuire approached them in an awkward, quasi-official manner.

"Now," he began slowly, for all the world the way a hungry cat might address a captive mouse, "we are goin' to be good frens. What do you know about the Conway killin', eh? Where was ye on the night o' the murder—but, reminber, annything you state may be used agin you! By the by, do you mind a puff o' smoke? I have here a rare Dago cheroot that I fain would burn. Thank ye. Now, let us proceed:· You had Miss Conway's watch! You tried to thrun it in the ocean; a guy named Muldoon says as how he was holdin' out of his hand a-feelin' for rain, when you drops the bauble overboard, and he catches it. I believe him. There ain't nothing agin Mike Muldoon, except his likin' for tropic rum. Apart from that, he's a gentleman an' a scholar. Young ladies, take one careful look at this watch." Whereat Jerry McGuire withdrew the trinket from his pocket, and both young ladies gazed hypnotically, squealed in a minor key and promptly fainted. Truly, it was exasperating. It was annoying to be so near to the truth, and then have the poor girls flop over senseless. McGuire was unaccustomed to quarry of a Dresden China strain. It was beyond him. The kind of women he was wont to interview would have cursed him roundly, and made him feel at home. Also, he would have answered them unabashed.

It was days later when the girls opened their eyes in the world of reason. They were in nice, white, little cots in Ancon hospital, and a mad fever was spending itself in their frail bodies. Uncle Sam had stepped in, and there was no more of the third degree to annoy them. Their records had been traced, and those records were immaculate. Nor did the young ladies want for attention; every doctor attached to the hospital was imbued only with the idea of serving them. They were more secure than they would have been in their own homes. And yet, as soon as they were able to travel, they were bound on a dangerous mission; they were on their way to London to offer their services to the Red Cross.

IX

ETIENNE LE CROIX had a strange ague when he learned that the boat on which he and Jack Randley and Billy Mumford had shipped, was a blockade runner. The little Frenchman had vague, but thrilling, mind pictures of German submarines. He had no taste for boats that could stick their eyes out of the water and then sneeze a torpedo into the hold of a contrabandiers ship, and particularly when that ship had a cargo of deadly explosives—sufficient, in fine, to blow a good-sized island from the sad, blue sea into the valleys of the moon.

"Eeet eez what—ah, la—what ze gran' American general say—Mistair Sherman—about war. He was correc'. Do I want as much as light a cigarette—bah, comes ze captain, lookin' dagger! 'We blow up! Pouf!' he say. Well—some day—some day—mebbe we get ze feet on land. Oh, ze beautiful land—la!"

Randley smiled wanly. He was beginning to accept Fate as Fate is—without asking questions. After all, how did he know that the Girl in the Pathé would beam on him after all these hair-brained escapades? Perhaps they would meet in—well, let us say heaven. And again, maybe they wouldn't. From the best authorities, Jack felt that heaven held no corner lots for the idle rich. He was not deserving of *any* girl. He was a twenty-four karat hobo, and he knew it. He was a high-class tramp, living on what he had no right to own—if stories of the origin of the family fortune could be credited—and expecting a beautiful girl to trust him for life.

A deafening roar assailed his ears. He jumped so far and so fast, he was at the rail before he knew it. Etienne was crumpled near the cabins, praying. A submarine greeted them from port. A solid shot from an eight-inch gun had been sent across the tramp steamer's bows. The jig was up. They were captives. Etienne Le Croix was beyond words. The worst he had imagined, had occurred. He was limp and helpless. Walking was quite beyond him. How could he ever get to the life-boat, even if he had a chance? Billy Mumford saw the poor little detective and took pity. He gathered Le Croix in his arms, and started toward the rail, undecided whether to save his charge or pitch him overboard. Billy was heartily sick of the whole affair, but he had himself to thank, and he knew it. Gluttony had caused him to smother a lie in the beginning, and now what were his prospects of eating? Well, he had Le Croix, and likely all our forebears were cannibals. As that horrible thought raced through Mumford's mind the little sleuth kissed Billy's hand. Le Croix was dropped heartlessly to the deck. The shock was too great for Mumford. He might eat a man, but kiss him, never!

"It's the boats," the captain cried hoarsely, a white terror showing through his bronzed skin. The crew, with equally blanched faces, stood by. The game was done. The promised prize money would never be paid. The tramp steamer would shortly be atomized. And—it was! With food and water, the crew and their hapless guests pulled to sea, and were permitted to progress a thousand yards before the torpedo was fired. How they saved their eardrums or kept from capsizing, were questions they did not dare answer. A sheet of flame shot skyward, and the roar was beyond all sounds they had ever heard—if it *was* hearing. Sound was surely not like this earth-and-sea-upsetting shock! A rain of shrapnel (furnished by the fragments of the ship) fell all around them, and a miniature tidal wave caught them on its crest and carried them three hundred yards at top speed. Then the sea closed in on the hole, and nature began to smile. The submarine had vanished beneath the surface turmoil, and was bound for new adventures.

Twenty hours later, the men were picked up by a trawler, but they found scant sympathy in England. Gun-cotton was too precious these stirring days! It was a pretty mess. Randley and Mumford were without funds, without friends, without everything except Le Croix. He would be with them always.

"It's a deuce of a fix, Jack," Billy commented, as the three of them paused in Trafalgar Square. Billy's belt was jerked up to the final notch. For one who loved food so keenly, this was punishment indeed.

"We've got to do something, Jack," Billy persisted. "What shall we do? Ah, I have it! We'll take Etienne, here, and find a job for him as chef. He can support us until we get money from home."

"Ze cook—bah! I, ze proud detective? I, ze great American detective—I ——"

An ample hand was placed roughly on Le Croix's yielding shoulder. He gazed fearfully into the graven features of a broad-beamed, sinister personage—one of the Scotland Yard ilk. The triumverate of unfortunates were under arrest—as suspects.

Weeks passed. The American ambassador refused at first to listen to the tales of Randley or Mumford. Their records looked bad. They were adventurers—and, besides, the ambassador knew a little of the inside history, and he was obligating a certain American family that had been unduly annoyed by "Madcap Jack Randley," as they put it. The experience was embarrassing, and it was wearing. At the same time, it was good for the soul, and good for the body. Mumford was a great admirer of simple fare before two weeks had passed. His rising girth had been checked; he was getting back to nature.

A letter was delivered to Jack one morning. It was postmarked New York. This is what it contained:

"Mr. Randley:

As a gentleman, desist. Your quest is hopeless. You are a blunderer and an ass.
The girl you seek is beyond you, quite.
Join a convenient army and if you can't win
a cross, get killed, and oblige,
An Outraged Family."

Jack smiled grimly, yet there was no laughter in his heart. He *was* a blunderer and an ass. He knew it. For the first time in months, he felt heartily ashamed. He *would* join an army—any army. Maybe he could get himself killed. While he cogitated these cold thoughts, his vision rested on Le Croix. He would trick the diminutive detective into the army. If Randley must be a sacrifice, then Etienne Le Croix would also be

offered up on the altar of heroism! The thought cheered Randley immeasurably. It is not good to die among strangers.

X

BILLY MUMFORD coaxed Randley to show him the note. Billy read it critically and frowned. Knowing more about the situation than his friend, he purposed to permit no war perils to enter into their worries. There was trouble enough as it was. Therefore, Billy resorted to strategy. He would leave no stone unturned to avoid the tragedy of battle. Fighting men against whom he bore no animosity, was not to his liking. Mumford's great-grandmother on the paternal side of the house, was Italian. She married a Frenchman; their daughter had been wedded to a German. On the maternal side, there was Russian blood and there was English blood. Well, there was a strain of Austrian somewhere, too! How could he divide his sympathies? When the Alliance lured, the Entente held back! Besides, Billy wasn't a fighting man!

Money finally came from the States; not much money, but a few hundred dollars. Then the authorities relented—at the ambassador's request—and the prisoners were released. The air, fog-laden though it was, seemed sweet. Liberty was precious, and particularly after their harrowing experiences.

"I say, Jack," Billy began strategically, as soon as they were at large, "I have an idea. But to work out that idea will require a week; ten days possibly. I must be trusted implicitly during that period. Now, to make my plans a success, we must lie low. I propose a suite of rooms in some quiet place, where we may feel secure from intrusion. No, just a moment, fellows! This is a plan to terminate the war!" Mumford averted his gaze. He neglected to explain that it was *their* war he would terminate.

The very thought of being an international hero caused Randley's chest to bulge. How sweet is Fame, even in prospect! Etienne Le Croix sighed sadly. "Ees ze plan safe?" he queried tremulously. "Very!" Billy responded with gusto. "La!" Etienne gurgled, grasping Mumford's right hand and kissing it rapturously.

"Nix! Nix!" Billy bellowed. Some day that good right hand would crush the breath out of the impetuous sleuth-hound.

"Oh, I know ze good hide-out," Le Croix confided. "Eet ees ze side-street—a beeg—what you call, ze family hotel. Shall we go see it?" The others agreed.

The hostelry was not prepossessing, but it was suitable. Its patrons were rather under the middle-class; a trifle scurvy, perhaps, but at least unobtrusive. The food was coarse, but wholesome and plentiful, and the landlord asked no questions. One might have fancied that every one in the hotel was hiding out. A few of the roomers looked mangy, and one had bad eyes—watery, red-rimmed eyes that might have come from too much rum or considerable weeping.

The third day, Etienne rushed into their living room quite out of breath. He held a finger to his lips cautiningly.

"Ze meestery!" he whispered excitedly. "Ze gran', meestery! Hush! Ze girl! She lives across ze court!"

"What girl?" Jack queried tremulously. "What girl, Etienne? Speak!"

"Ze girl—ah, ia, la—in ze Paths!"

"The deuce you say!" and Billy and Jack gazed at each other in stupid amazement. "Where?" Jack questioned anxiously.

"Across ze street! Honest, true! I see her, and oh, ze uzzer beautiful girl—um! Zey so sad—oh, so sad!"

"Let's go find 'em!" Randley was vibrant with his awakened amour. So, at last, in the heart of London, they were to meet! Mumford was equally anxious but displayed less fervor. He had his misgivings.

The street on which their hotel was situated, was extremely narrow. It would have been a scant alley in America. The building across the way was squat and ugly, with two slender windows on the second floor and a double door on the ground floor, that gave the structure the appearance of a grotesque, staring, impudent face. How any such divine creature as *the girl* could find solace in a house of such evil aspect, was beyond Randley's understanding. Nevertheless, he was not hinging his hope on a

(*Continued on page 25*)

The Lost Chord

By MILDRED WASKA
With Decorations by Herself

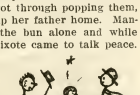
EXTRACTING THE HUMOR MINORS FROM THE TRAGEDY MAJORS

THE day of miracles still lives around the corner. Theda Bara in five parts! (Would ya believe it?) Was it a dime museum performance or just Theda Bara on screen parade? LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. Some poor neglected skeleton escaped from the family closet when the key-hole wasn't plugged up. And they forgot to hang up the sign: "NO CHILDREN ADMITTED." Over went my dime, in went I. Talk

about subterranean darkness! While floundering for a seat, I obstructed someone's view—a voice like a fog horn yarped: "Say kid, is your father a glazier?" Sceered? I meant to drop down into a seat in a hurry but missed my guess—and the seat, too—and flopped on the floor with a thump (good thing I wasn't made of glass).

By the time I collected my equilibrium and all my belongings that got away from me like the big fish we hear about, I was ready to gaze at Theda Bara in 5 parts. No such luck! She was human. She came along the beach to hear what the wild waves were saying, but instead, saw her father trying to walk straight bringing home a bun—for breakfast. Water, water everywhere and yet the lake was dry. She popped her eyes and gave a good imitation of the Campbell Kid dolls—then when she got through poppling them, went to help her father home. Manlike he wanted to carry the bun alone and while they squabbled, a Don Quixote came to talk peace.

They got rid of the father, and hatched up a love affair. She didn't want to marry him because she couldn't take her father with her into society. But she did! I mean she married. That was the "first part." A year later the father was still bringing home buns and Theda was arbitrating with the infantry—I mean she was rocking the baby to sleep. The husband was out of a job—poor but proud, who would rather go to Australia to hunt gold than work his rich father for money. Out there, all he could wash was his hands because there wasn't any gold to wash. He wrote home to Theda, but her father used the letters for fuel. One day when she sat in the kitchen crying for her husband, her father told her to quit snivveling and go to work to earn money. She did all of that.



Now for the 3rd part. She enlisted as a private secretary for Sir Audley, made a mash on him and completed the job by marrying him. And where was her first husband? In Australia fighting the hook worm. He found a wad of gold while he was delirious and started back to the land of neutrality to find his wife and chee-lid. His old college chum met him and told him his wife belonged to another—(them was crewel wolds). Theda had a maid that looked just like her—not that it was her fault, but anyway, the maid died. There was Theda's chance to play her card. She put her wedding ring on the maid's finger to bluff the people into believing that the maid was herself. Then the husband wouldn't know she was alive and married to Sir Audley. Catch a man not finding things out! What he didn't know, his college friend told him, because he happened to belong to Sir Audley. He called on his wife at Audley Court and she got so excited—"I saw her smile, although her eyes were only smudgy tears, and then she swished her swirling arms and wagged her gorgeous ears. She sobbed a blue and green checked sob and wept some purple tears."

Rather than have her second husband find out her secret that she had another husband, she pushed him into the well. Well, well, well! Wasn't that fierce? Once more the secret was hers, but it began to fray at the edges. Soon it became frazzled when the college chum butted in and wanted to know where the first husband was. Was he still in the well? (Not on week days.) The butler hauled him out so they could have fresh drinking water. He left town and all he left behind were his best regards.

The college chum told Theda he would squeal on her if she didn't tell her secret to Sir Audley. Curses! The mere thought of spoiling her secret made her mind skid and she went crazy. Dressed in black she went to the well to die. What did the poor well do to deserve such treatment? She died just in time. Just then her first husband came along with the chum and saw her keel over. But she died when they reached her—not because they reached her—but the husband said to the chum: "Let her rest in pieces—I mean peace, why pick on her now? Let her be buried as Lady Audley. (A nice way of getting out of the burying expenses.) He didn't want to raise his boy to be a soldier—his family tree would leave—and he didn't tell us where he was going, but he was on his way, and—just then somebody knocked the ink well over.

Thereby hangs the tail.

Mildred Waska

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Miss Waska will continue to enlighten us, from issue to issue on the current thrills of the screen.

Natural Bessie Barriscale

"An artist must absolutely know how to carry himself, how to dress, the proper use of his eyes and his hands, or he can never be anything else but someone else mixed with himself, so to speak"

By RICHARD WILLIS

BESSIE BARRISCALE, the accomplished New York Motion Picture star, is the embodiment of the NATURAL school of acting. Being natural is almost a cult with her; she is herself in private life, while on the screen she is the artist—she lives the part that she portrays.

She owes this largely to the advice of one of the greatest actors of all time, Louis James, who took a great fancy to the bright little actress when she was emerging from the child actress to the more matured artist. He said to her, "Elizabeth (he never called her Bessie) you are leaving me and I am sorry, for I have watched you carefully. Remember, my dear, do not lose your naturalness, and you will be popular, for you are naturally clever. That is all, but I conjure you to bear my words in mind."

Miss Barriscale never forgot what James had said, and whenever she found herself "acting," she remembered and took herself to task. Here is the charm of Bessie Barriscale—truth to life. This was never more evident than in "The Cup of Life," the first big picture she acted in for the New York Motion Picture Corporation and the photoplay which secured her a long-time contract with a regal salary.

One forgets she is an actress and almost believes that she is what she appears to be on the screen. She is a disciple of nature—she portrays the highest art, which is naturalness

There is nothing of the actress about this charming woman in private life or in her dressing room; it is only on the stage that she is anything other than the altogether nice lady she really is. Her home at Santa Monica is homey and there do congregate some equally likeable people who find the latch-string loosened, and who appear with none of the flippant finery of pretense.

NOW Miss Barriscale has a manager and a good one, too—her husband, by the way; and he is known as Howard Hickman, one of the best screen actors of the day and one of the most pleasant of men.

Miss Barriscale at a recent typical "at home" supper, gave this opinion after the company assembled had agreed that naturalness was the greatest factor for success on the screen! "It is hardly possible to be natural in one's acting unless one has not had previous experience. Actors or actresses who are reasonably sure of themselves are self-conscious and when any trace of self creeps in, then naturalness flies away. An artist must absolutely know how to carry himself, how to dress, the proper use of his eyes and hands, or he can never be anything else but someone else mixed with himself, so to speak. Experience on the speaking stage is genuine sound experience, to my mind, and stock experience is better than any other. It enables an actor to disassociate himself with one character and assume another one at short notice, and he has to do this with far greater rapidity on the screen than on the stage. Again, an actor who has not had a world of experience, has to be shown how to do things, and this bothers him and troubles the director; while with an experienced artist, the director gives his ideas and permits the actor to use his own individuality and ideas which, with but little direction, fulfill the desires of the producer."

We have said that Miss Barriscale is natural and it is interesting to play audience at the recitation of some of her experiences. She started acting at the age of five, and her cousin, Mabel Talliaferro, had an advantage over her, for she started at two and one-half years of age! Miss Barriscale's first effort was the child's part in "Shore Acres" with grand old James A. Hearne. She finds it difficult to name the parts which followed, but says that they included about every known kiddie part, embracing "Li'l Eva," the child in "The Celebrated Case," and "Fauntleroy."

Her father was an actor and came to America from England with the first "Lights O' London" company which was sent over from the old country. Her grandfather followed, dissuaded the son from acting and persuaded him to go into business. She did not inherit any acting talent from her mother, who was only behind the scenes once and that was when the dresser was absent and when her daughter wanted her help in buttoning up things. Her daddy was very proud of her and it was through him that she continued to do the one thing which she had any real taste for. It may therefore be said that Bessie Barriscale is a child of the stage.

MISS BESSIE seems to have been tremendously fortunate in having been associated with the well-known actors who were not regarded as upstarts or youngsters. For a long time she studied and acted in repertoire with kindly Russ Whytal, and she has heaps of nice things to say about him, too; in fact, this seems to be a habit of hers, getting attached to the artists she has worked with, and speaking highly of them. Then for two years (the thirteenth and fourteenth years of her life) she was with the man who gave her the sound parting advice, Louis James, with whom she played Feance in Macbeth, and other parts, and at the same time understudied Katherine Kidder in "School for Scandal," as Ophelia and various other Shakespearean parts—a rare experience for a girl so young.

Her next engagement was difficult to obtain, and her own account of her trials is both humorous and pathetic: "I was neither girl nor woman; my air was grown up and so was my experience, but my dresses were short and I was at the gawky age, with my hair hanging down and with the self consciousness of it all. Things were not going right at home and it was necessary that I get something quickly, so I went to Frederick Bond at the Fifth Avenue Theater and saw him, and asked for the ingenue position. Mr. Bond tried not to laugh, and looked me up and down until I grew angry and scarlet. Then he told me that I was but a little girl and could never fill the position. It was useless for me to tell him all I could do; he knew it all, but my appearance was against me. This was on a Saturday. I spent most of Sunday in weeping and calling myself names as I looked in the glass, but mother came to me and said, 'I would not cry if I were you; why not try something else instead?' This started me thinking and on Monday morning mother lent me one of her dresses and helped me put my hair up. I pulled myself together and got another appointment with Mr. Bond. I told him I had come to apply for the position of ingenue with his company. He looked at me for a moment and then burst out laughing and said, 'I knew you had the experience; now I know you have the right spirit. The job is yours.' My first ingenue part was with Russ Whytal in 'For Fair Virginia,' and then followed all the well-known plays."

Later when she had firmly established herself as a foot-light favorite, she was seen as Lovey Mary in New York, and she went to London and appeared in the part for ten enchanting months. "Almost long enough to cultivate an accent," she laughingly says. Among other people she has played with here have been Margaret Anglin and Charles Coughlin.

MISS BARRISCALE is a great favorite on the Pacific Coast, where she was sent by Belasco to take the leading part in "The Rose of the Rancho" at the Alcazar, San Francisco. She remained there for a year and they have wanted her back again ever since. Then came her never-to-be-forgotten creation of the part in "The Bird of Paradise," which Richard Walton Tully wrote for her and which was produced in Los Angeles where it played for five weeks. She suffered disappointment when the Morosco management would not let her go east with the play; she was too big an asset here. Her last big engagement on the stage was in "We are Seven," by Eleanor Gates, played in New York City, when she returned to San Francisco and later received an offer from the Lasky people to play her original role in "The Rose of the Rancho," for the screen. We all know what a success she made, and this one appearance obtained for her the present position she occupies with the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Santa Monica. Did you see "The Cup of Life?" If not, you missed a great photoplay; one of the finest ever filmed. In this Miss Barriscale showed the gradual transition of a girl's character, and when the time came to make her hideously ugly, she did not do it by halves. Her performance in this and "The Painted Lady" have stamped her as one of the finest actresses who have graduated from the speaking stage to the screen.

Remember, when you do see her, that her success is due to absolute naturalness, that she studies out her various roles and does them as she believes they would be done in real life. The result is that one never tires of her performances, for one forgets that she is an actress. She is a disciple of nature. She portrays the highest art; which is naturalness

On The Editorial Screen

MOVIE PICTORIAL

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LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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"They copied all they could follow, but they
Couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing
A year and a half behind."
—Rudyard Kipling.

Needed—Uniform Censorship

It is a senseless demand that censors should go, but it is a reasonable demand that censorship should be uniform. The film manufacturer, who has complied with the stringent demands of the Chicago board of censors, does not know whether his picture will pass the censor boards of Milwaukee, or San Francisco, or New York, or any other place. The National Board of Censors does not have the sanction of united authority back of it, and in consequence, any censor board may override the opinions of that organization know as the National Board.

Films are used in interstate commerce, and yet the Interstate Commerce Commission seems to have rules and regulations for pretty nearly everything else; none for the films. The film manufacturers today are very much in the same position as manufacturers in general: They do not know when they are right and when they are wrong. A rule that is laid down today may be altered tomorrow. Rules are not laws.

Censorship is arbitrary. It is based on opinion. The majority of voters in the United States are picture patrons, and yet these patrons do not rally to the cause of the manufacturer and do not insist that their duly elected law-makers see that uniformity of picture censorship is established.

The speaking stage presents pretty nearly any problem play its promotors may conjure up. The speaking stage, however, is not patronized by children to the extent that is found in moving picture theatres. Consequently, we can not say in verity that there is a parallel.

Soon or later uniform regulation will be established, and let us hope it will be soon. Some manufacturing companies spend enormous sums preparing plays for the screen and in advertising those plays, and yet never feel secure and never know when a poorly digested beefsteak, agitating the digestive organs of some sour-visaged censor, may mean a direct loss of thousands of dollars through the unjust censoring of films.

Local censor boards, being branches of police departments, object to pictures showing dishonesty among public officials. Unfortunately, many public officials are proven dishonest, and if the public is not to be acquainted with the methods of dishonesty, then where is American freedom? There must be limitations to police authority. A police-ridden community is a corrupt and decaying community. Here and there a police official has a broad point of view, but manifestly the police are not the ones to censor photoplays.

Since the governors of states have fallen into the habit of holding conventions, unifying criminal and civil codes of the various commonwealths may prove a very wholesome result. Perhaps motion picture questions will be handled by these governors in session and through their concerted opinion, will find places in the messages of those state executives to the legislative bodies of the various commonwealths. Whatever the remedy, the picture-play patron can help bring it about.

The film companies are not looking for license, but for freedom. And this freedom also includes the patron. MOVIE PICTORIAL has set itself the task of agitating the question of uniformity in censorship, and every reader should cogitate the same subject and act upon it.

Individuality of the Player

The rule of some film studios to withhold names of casts from publicity, is not a healthy or commendable tendency. Suppose you were to pick up your paper and look at the announcement of current or coming theatrical attractions. What would be your first point of consideration? It would be the players.

The greatest playwright of all time was William Shakespeare. Three hundred years ago, he set the pace for the vast armies of playwrights that followed. It is not enough to know that a Shakespearean play is to be produced. We must know the names of the members of the cast. "Macbeth," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Twelfth Night," "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," and other Shakespearean plays, would be sad burlesques handled by an unskilled cast.

If your favorite actor is Otis Skinner, or James K. Hackett, or William Collier, or any of the others, you feel that the actor has made the selection for you through the very fact of his appearing in a certain play. In the same way, you feel that if you see the name of Mary Pickford or Henry Walthall or numerous of your other favorites advertised, you know that you are going to be satisfied with the play, because the real artist can overcome many of the impediments of the photoplaywright. Beyond that, you know that only the best photoplays will be selected for these stars.

We believe that the few studios that suppress the names of their actors and actresses, are committing a grave error. The name of the photoplay means nothing. A fancy title may be but the gossamer covering of a decidedly no-account play. The important considerations in guaranteeing your entertainment are the players, the play, the production, and the photography. It is the combination of the cast, the photoplaywright, and the producing company that furnishes this entertainment to you. The question of the subordination of the player will never prove a success, because the public demands to know and feel and understand the individuality of the player. And more than twenty million picture theater patrons look for the names of the players and pay small heed to the name of the play.

Inspiration—Genius—and Hard Work

According to our religious training, the world has boasted anywhere from two or three to a few dozen prophets. A prophet is a person who is presumably inspired by direct communication with the divine source of knowledge. Most of us are not so inspired. Leastwise, the circuit is grounded and reaches us much diluted.

Genius is not necessarily the outgrowth of prophetic vision or divine inspiration. Genius is the expression of the most pronounced natural gifts, that become the more artistic as they are developed. There are few geniuses. No man elects himself to be a genius. That is a point that must be decided by the force of his labors and is usually decided after he has been dead several generations. Many admit that they are divinely inspired, but the vote is never unanimous. Most of the worth-while achievements of this world are accomplished through hard work.

Different persons are inclined in different artistic or avocational directions. Some persons naturally lean toward mechanics, or some branch of art, or invention, or teaching. With the proper training they become proficient in their chosen professions. Inclination, on the other hand, does not always indicate native ability. Some men and women have "found themselves" after they were forty years old, or fifty years old, or even older. They made the wonderful discovery that they had been in the wrong branch of business. They could not succeed until they found the point of least resistance.

When we are told that there will never be another generation of dramatic art as great as the present, or another generation of photoplaywrights as great as the present, we turn to history and history refutes the contention.

The hard, conscientous worker is generally the one who succeeds the best—and when strenuous labor is fortified by talent, then the success is greater. The distribution of talent did not begin in this generation, nor will it terminate with this generation. The pictureplay did start in the present generation, but it will pass on to posterity and continue to live, ages after every film of today has been destroyed by oxidation and through other natural causes.

It is unreasonable and unjust, and certainly illogical, for any person, or any set of persons, to say that all the talent of the movies has been exhausted. Such statements merely bear evidence of sublime egotism or blind ignorance. There is no such thing as the greatest man in the world, any more than there is such a thing as the strongest man in the world. We succeed best by doing our work as well as we can do it. Each of us may reach a possible 100 per cent. But one person's 100 per cent may be only 40 per cent of another person's full capabilities.

While we are convinced that the films have progressed more rapidly than any other branch of art, because they combine numerous divisions of established art, we are still forced to believe that the day of progress has just begun and that it will not be completed in this generation, or in the next, or in the one after that. The last record of success in this world has not been made; nor will it ever be won so long as there are human beings to struggle and labor.

The Incidental Legitimate Star

While the majority of film play leads were formerly speaking stage players, there is no argument, we believe, that would prove legitimate stage experience to be all-sufficient in film success. The studio is different from the stage. Camera restrictions, lighting effects, and the manner of producing photoplays are all fundamentally different from the processes involved in the legitimate drama.

We question that the name of a speaking stage star, suddenly thrust upon the pictureplay public, has any particular value or means anything unusual. If the legitimate player joins the silent drama with a view of being a permanent fixture on the screen, then the screen does perhaps gain a most valued acquisition. On the other hand, if the speaking stage star jumps into a play for the films and out again, the value of that intrusion is questionable.

Time and time again, it has been proved that film favorites meet with only partial, and usually dismal failure when they appear on the legitimate stage. They have stepped out of the sphere of their talents and reputation, so far as judgment goes, and the same rule applies in the other direction.

The legitimate star, who enters the movies incidentally, is as doleful a spectacle as the ordinary dramatic playwright or fiction author who decides to take the burden of photoplay writing from the shoulders of the accomplished photoplaywrights. If the old rule regarding the cobbler and his last has any value, it should be applied to the differences between the spoken and the silent drama.

Tradelasts

"THINGS ABOUT MY THEATRE I LIKE AND DISLIKE"

Conducted By Our Readers

MY FAVORITE Movie Theatre!

How much time do you spend within its enchanted walls? Do you go three or four times a week—or maybe five times? Then you spend about five hours weekly, or twenty hours monthly, watching the magic screen. That means two hundred hours a year, or twenty-five eight-hour days. You have helped make the picture theatre possible; you must help to make it more agreeable. There are about twenty-one thousand photoplay houses in the United States; they entertain over twenty million regular patrons, besides many occasional patrons. Unless you, and others, help make your voices heard, you are not going to get the best service; the kind of service that is coming to you for your money.

We are going to pay a few prizes monthly just to help everybody boost for better theatre conditions. This is possible through knowing merits and lack of merit—through praising what is good or exposing what is evil. The picture theatre has gone through many wonderful changes these past few years, and it must go through other evolutions the next few years. It has pressed the legitimate theatre hard to the wall. It is the people's playground, where nickels and dimes can brush away many of the cares of the day, and usher all of us into a land of pleasing make-believe.

Earn a Prize

To encourage you, we will pay five one-dollar prizes each issue for the five best letters, whether they pass a bunch of violets to the exhibitor or cast a cobblestone in his direction. Candidly, we like one as well as the other. What is right, should be encouraged; what is wrong should be discouraged. If you notice either class of conditions, tell us about them, and we shall be glad to pass them on to the world. This department will become a sort of round robin for the patron. It will be a petition for the best—and it will help the exhibitor see his errors without being unduly unkind. Note, we say "unduly unkind," because if we must be unkind, for the good of the cause, let us wear our very best frowns.

Some of the Things to Watch

Bill Smith came down the street the other evening with a mildewed expression. Plainly, Bill was disconsolate. What was wrong? We asked him. Said Bill: "That blanky blamed exhibitor of that ripplty blank theatre has about as much sense as a two-day old lamb—and that sort of lamb hasn't any sense. I was in to see the films tonight and what do you suppose I saw? Three different reels released by the same film company, and each a different story, but all with the same cast! If he doesn't know any more than to select that sort of programme, I am through. I will keep my jitneys and coax them to grow into quarters."

Bill was right. It is rather a shock to one's sense of proportions to see a movie star as a young, dashing hero in one play, and then as an old man in the next play. It doesn't fit in. We keep thinking of the individual rather than of the part he plays. But they do it, and why? Many exhibitors select their programmes according to the names of the plays, and stop there. They are as pleased over titles as one of the old-fashioned boys of dime-novel days. They look no further. They select at random, the way a goat goes camping. And—how do you feel about it?

This is the least of their offenses. They book films that ran their course years ago—films so badly worn that parts of them are missing; films that seem to be back of a heavy rain-storm, and make us believe that the exhibitor is in cahoots with the optician next door. The exhibitor gets the old stuff for a song, and it isn't worth a whisper. That's the answer, and if we permit it, sheep-like, that is all we deserve. If we are not good enough for the best, we should have the worst.

There are other disagreeable things, also, such as crowded foyers with no ventilation, and fabricating ticket takers and ushers who keep us cooling our heels in the lobby under the false belief that the next show starts in ten minutes. We breathe one another's breath-poisons, and enter the playhouse feeling half ill. We have a sneaking suspicion all the time that our dimes are more important than our comfort. If this is all the theatre man thinks about us, and if we think nothing more about ourselves, that is also all we have coming to us; it is what we bid for, and what we get.

But—the worries increase. The butcher and baker, and corset-maker, and the notion store man must have their slides, and we have to look at the miserable daubs twice a night and every night, simply because the money we pay in at the box-office isn't enough to take care of the fiduciary demands of the exhibitor. We get the ads rammed down our necks, whether we will or not. As Bill said, "Let a merchant take up my theatre time, and I won't be so ready to patronize him. He plays me for a fish, and if I am a fish, I hate to be reminded of it!" Again, William is right.

Sometimes the seats are too narrow, or the ventilation is bad, or a draft blows on our necks, and makes us resort to drug store first-aid-to-the-Injured. Or the usher is impudent, and feels that we are so many sacrifices offered up at the altar of the stock-yards—blind ninnies without souls or sense. And maybe that usher couldn't earn as much all week as we earn in an hour. It slaps our dignity, and makes us feel like being profane. It is poor business.

Then, there is the good-natured old lady who sits back of us and reads all the titles and sub-titles, and also anticipates the plot, and marvels at her own cleverness in deducing what is going to happen. She is like the little boy who wonders what it is all about, and rises to ask, every time any one starts for the door in a picture, "Ma, where's she goin' now?" It punctures our concentration; it reminds us that we are a lot of blithering infants grown a little older—when all the time we are there for the sake of illusion. Life itself is a good deal illusion, so why shouldn't we like to buy the most acceptable kind?

Sometimes the first show has one more reel than the other shows, and we can't all go to the first show. Again, at the last show (which should be as important as the first one), some of the pictures are run through fast, and the musicians don't care a rap whether they play or quit. We are debrils, and it hurts our feelings and brings lumps up in our throats. We all dislike being "done" even when the doing is very small. It injures our pride, and we have just as much right to pride as the exhibitor himself!

Watch the Releases

Suppose you keep close watch of the films shown in your theatre? Are they late releases? Are they varied? Do they run too much to religious subjects, or predominate unnecessarily in melodrama, or become lop-sided in one way or another? Does the exhibitor buy what he likes, or through indifference, or because he wishes to please various classes of patrons? If we get a wrong food combination, though all the food is good, it makes us uneasy—internally. If we get the wrong programme combination, it is like a bad mixture of food. Maybe we see too much Wild West, or too much Crime, or too much this, that or the other. Why not "speak out in meeting" about it?

There is another way to watch the releases: Are you getting releases by just one company? If you buy a magazine, you don't get one author's writings exclusively. You get various types and lengths of stories, written by many different authors. Why should your programme not be about that way? Why should the reels bear only one trade mark? Aren't you full grown, and don't you dislike being told what you must have? The reason your exhibitor gives you one company's releases exclusively is because he gets a better price on programmes, and you miss what the other companies are putting out. You don't know any more about films generally than the man who watches the same ball teams exclusively knows about baseball in general. What is the use of all these masterpieces unless you can see them?

Don't smother your wrath. Don't tolerate bad conditions if you can get better. We are going to help you get the better because it exists, and it is ours of we persist in having it.

Look for Good Things

Don't become entirely a pessimist. Have an optimistic point of view. If your exhibitor does something better, let us know about it. If you feel that he is a regular human being, with your interests at heart, let us know. If he has a new and novel way of advertising, tell us about it. If he can make you feel better through the service he extends to you, we want the world to know about it. The exhibitor is not catering alone to your dime, but to other dimes. He is a tradesman. He is in business to entertain you, and apart from what the film manufacturing and distributing companies can do—beyond what the actors and actresses and photoplaywrights can do—there are some other things the exhibitor can do, and should do. If he knows how, praise him. If he doesn't know how, teach him. If he refuses to do right, roast him.

Exhibitors generally are growing better. Some of them have their own worries; and again, some of them merit worries. Let us try to be impartial and unprejudiced, and not take snap judgment. Note the facts while your anger is burning: but write your views a day or two later. If you are related to an exhibitor, don't be too glowing in your praise of him. If you are an exhibitor, say so, and tell your story. Exhibitors are not barred from these Tradelast controversies.

Five $1 Prizes

The dollar itself isn't much; the fun of getting it is worth while, because it shows you that you have helped agitate an important subject, which is the entertainment of more than twenty million deserving Americans. We are going to publish not only the prize-winning letters, but others as well. These letters should be about one hundred words in length. Don't write a book! Wit lies in brevity—if it lies at all!

Tell us about your theatre—the programmes and their merit points or poor points. This does not mean that you are to mention individual releases, or the companies back of the films. It means the make-up of the programme—the variety, or lack of variety. Tell us about ventilation, how the patrons are handled or not handled, about lights, seats, screens, music, general behavior of patrons and how the manager insists on good conduct. If you think your picture theatre is nothing but a flirting colony, say so. If it lacks in moral proportions, shout against it. Tell us about fire-protection, exits, advertising ideas, ushers, and everything else that pleases you or rasps your nerves.

Help us make the theatre better, and help us make it the most acceptable amusement place in America. The Movies have been with us long enough to be cultivated. The weeds must be pulled out and the good grain encouraged. You are the one to be a missionary for better picture theatres, and you may begin by dissecting your own—the one most convenient to you. If that is not worth while, you must journey to the next and the next—and we contend that it is just as easy to have every theatre worthy as it is to have a few. Address your letters: Tradelast Editor, Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Film Favorites' Fashions

A FASHION Show unending—the new criterion of style—with "living models" who entertain us on the screen, and among whom are several of your stature and your type! You see what no show window could disclose, and what no models could bring out: the styles *in action*. No studied poses no careful movements lest a fold be misplaced—but the gowns you would look well in, shown as they must be seen—in actual use!

Have you realized this angle of the moving picture—this opportunity to employ it as one of the guides in modeling your wardrobe? And its service can be used with expertness too.

Study the actresses who have figures similar to your own; do not worry how you might look in a dress or coat that has been fitted to a different type of woman. And remember that the actress who is most nearly of your type will display innumerable gowns, and will help you decide. This is doubly true, because not only does your type display her costumes in action, but she is abreast of the most recent styles—and is generally *setting* the styles.

If you were tall and Gibsonesque, you would not copy Miss Pickford or Miss Clark—but rather a type more nearly corresponding to your own. Besides, by inquiring of this Department, you may learn the texture, the materials and the manner of designing, and if you wish, the complexion—the natural coloring—of the artist herself. The actresses of the films select with great care, because the costume is a most essential part of their art; it is a demand on their professional skill. They understand how to dress—and they are faithful students of harmony of colors. Although you see naught but effects in light and shadow, these dresses are of various colors, and the film studio is a display of rich tints and most excellent style.

The Ladies Dainty of the Screen are of all heights—all weights—blondes, brunettes, and betwixt and between. To understand style, you should know these other characteristics, and Movie Pictorial will give you these details henceforth—the statures and natural colorings of these actresses. Then you may know what will suit you best—and in copying these gowns, you have the privilege of selecting your own materials, which you may do easily when you know the details.

Think this over; appreciate its value to you; do not hesitate to ask for the information you want. With these points in view, send in your letters.

* * * *

Dark blue serge—Norfolk—large patch pockets on jacket with flap—small pocket on belt. Skirt has pockets on either side with four buttons. Hat is a three cornered Tam of black velvet and straw. White fox neck piece.

Lillian Drew
of Essanay

If you see upon the screen, a dress, suit, hat or garment worn by a film favorite, that appeals to you especially, and you believe that the actress wearing the costume, resembles yourself in figure and coloring, write to me asking for a detailed description of the article of apparel. Be sure to furnish me with the name of the actress and the play—and if possible, the scene in which the garment was worn—for these actreses often wear many outfits in a single play.

At the time of replying, we will give you, if you wish, that actress' height, weight, and coloring (hair, eyes and skin).

Remember this department is open to you—it is your department. We want you to feel it is your information bureau—want you to write at any time on this subject. Here is a great field of study for you as regards your wardrobe, an arena where experts in dress and mode are ever passing before you.

And you know that they do not go about this part of their preparation for their portrayal in a haphazard manner, but employ the same thought and care in the selection of their wearing apparel as in their makeup. All this you can command through the films and turn to your advantage. Secure your mental impression of any garment you admire from the screen and obtain the details through this department—that is the purpose of it and the more inquiries we receive from those really interested in wearing apparel seen on the screen, the more we will be encouraged.

All you need do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, and to insure a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Be sure to address: THE FASHION EDITOR.

English tweed material. Belted Norfolk jacket with patch pockets and box pleats. Skirt buttons on side and has two side pleats. Rose color felt hat—yellow fox fur and swagger stick.

Nell Craig
of Essanay

Pink taffeta and embroidered net, with upper part of skirt net and lower of taffeta. Net sleeves and waist, with taffeta belt and taffeta coat effect in the back. Pink silk hat stitched with white and faced with white horsehair braid.

Ruth Stonehouse
of Essanay

REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send in your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A prize of $5.00 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, be it either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

WHAT errors do you notice on the screen?

The producers of pictures have their own troubles in keeping close account of details. And yet we attend picture plays for entertainment and only as the details are perfect is our entertainment perfect.

In the strange adventures of "Elaine," we personally noticed Miss Pearl White place a revolver in the left-hand pocket of her coat. A few moments later, when she drew her revolver, she brought it out of her right hand pocket. This is not an uncommon error. Inasmuch as the two different scenes were enacted at different times, Miss White simply forgot where she had placed the revolver.

Let us see what our readers have discovered during the past month. Also, remember that a prize of $5.00 is paid to the person who writes what we consider the best "realism" letter.

Mr. A. M. Seibert of Pittsburgh, writes and finds complaint about dragging in the old time actresses for juvenile leads, such as Elsie Russell in "Wildfire." Mr. Seibert says: "The human eye can not be deceived in reading the 'Seven Ages of Man.' And whilst we all admire the gorgeous Autumn season, we all look up to the fresh, young and beautiful green of Springtime." Unfortunately we can not call this a "realism," although it is a very excellent criticism.

The Stake and the Mistake

Toledo, Ohio.

In "The Stake" (Universal) Flo knocks Bob's hat off. The hat falls to the ground. In the next picture it is on his shoulder. Did he have a spring or a rubber band on it? Yours truly,

(Signed) William A. Molz, Jr.

No, William, it was simply one of these trick kelleys that the funny artists tell about.

Anent a Floater

New Orleans, La.

In "Should a Mother Tell," the corpse of one of the villains is shown floating in the water face up. A male corpse only floats face down. It is only the female who floats face up. In this regard, then, the picture is glaringly unreal. Respectfully,

(Signed) Welcome Horter.

This is a new one on us. But if it is true, it may suggest the eventual distinctions of Fate between the male and the female.

Some More Inconsistencies

Middletown, N. Y.

In "The Bondwoman," the heroine starts from her beautiful apartments to mail some manuscripts. She stops to put on a big raglan coat, and then runs a block to the letter-box. Evidently forgetting that she wears a boudoir cap. To the unfortunate picture was spoiled by the combination of a hen-scratched and a lame house cat.

In a film I was playing for, a husband and wife were about to be united after a separation of years, at the bedside of their only son. The son had been rescued from the waves and brought along the coast by the men who always appear so mysteriously in deserted places. As the stretcher with its burden was being carried into the mother's cottage, the son, supposed to be dead, or at least unconscious—laughed! We all forgive him, however, because he had played here in stock and was a jolly good fellow.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Anna Gumaer Berg.

Perhaps we are supposed to overlook inconsistencies of this nature because of the theory that the dead deserve respect.

Not True to Fly-Time

Montgomery, Ala.

In the Civil War picture "Dan," the front door of the old home is shown with a screen door. In '61, screen doors were not known. It looked strange to see actors in costumes of that period opening and closing a screen door. In the same picture, when the uncle came to see them, Dan, the negro, met him on the porch and shook hands with him and slapped him on the back. Negroes would never have done any such thing.

In one war story, the name of which I have forgotten, in the most thrilling scene, the electric piano started to play "Tipperary."

I wish that young actresses would take the part of young ladies in pictures. It is terrible to see old actresses attempting to do juvenile sweetheart scenes. Yours truly,

(Signed) Miss M. E. Fitzpatrick.

These Civil War pictures, Miss Fitzpatrick, are written largely by Northerners who wouldn't know a bald eagle from a buzzard. Maybe it was the same brand of mistakes that brought on the Civil War. We don't see any of these inconsistencies in "The Birth of a Nation." Both Mr. Griffith, the producer, and Mr. Walthall, the lead, are Southerners.

A Few Helpful "Don'ts"

Little Rock, Ark.

Don't allow a lady to wear the same dress five years later—or fail to move the clock up to suit the fashion and waning stars as coquettish young girls —or put on more make-up than the part demands—or fail in excellent effect by using an opposite door for exit from the one entered—or move too quickly and destroy the idea of naturalness—or turn on the lights when the house is full of strangers—or a beautiful masterpiece like "The Hypocrites" when it can be seen only in halt houses, or a few others of that type, that are looked on as asinine. Remember, don't do these many needless things.

(Signed) Mrs. S. Douglas Knox.

The Variable Accomplishments of Tess

Los Angeles, Cal.

In "Tess of the Storm Country," Tess' environments, her general appearance and the slang expressions she uses, would indicate inability to read or write. After she has stolen a Bible from the church, she is shown several times reading it, in fact several times she quotes (the gist of) verses. But, when Lloyd wants to send her a note of apology, etc, she can not read it but asks another girl to do so. Perhaps she was inspired while attempting to steal the Bible. Sincerely,

(Signed) Lyle E. Wright.

Jevne's Bread in '61

Los Angeles, Cal.

I recently saw "The Old Chair." The play was supposed to have been taken during the war between the North and South. It was very good, but I wonder if people ate Jevne's bread in those times. In one of the scenes taken in front of the village store, where the men usually gathered to talk over matters, a messenger rode up crying that war had been declared. The first thing that attracted the attention of the audience was the fact that there was a large Jevne bread box standing in front of the store.

I noticed that the producer had everything correct in that scene, for instance, mode of living, style of dress, construction of house, carriages and other details, but why not be particular about small things such as the bread box, as we are in large cities?

Yours truly, K. G.

Here, indeed, is an incongruity! And yet we have heard some of Jevne's bread that we might easily have believed was baked back in 1861.

Those Pesky Shootin' Irons Again!

Birmingham, Ala.

Moving pictures produce some strange ideas of the quality of American humor. They seem to think it worthy of great hilarity to see one man shoot at another twenty-five or thirty times without re-loading his pistol—while the effect on the other is sufficient to make him jump as if struck by every shot, although not hard enough to stop him from running. They also consider it funny to see two men beat each other into a state of apparent insensibility—and, yet, here we are about the only neutral Somebody among the nations of the world. Yours truly,

(Signed) Col. Lloyd.

Your ideas are quite to our own heart, Miss Lloyd. Those pesky shootin' irons are one of the obsessions of the screen. The idea of comedy seems to be to soak some one over the head with a sledge. Look for "Chimmie Fadden" and you will find some humor that does not require brutality.

Time, Husband and New Born Babies

New York, N. Y.

In "The Inner Brute," an Essanay release, the mother is supposed to be frightened by a lion the night before the birth of her child, and is saved by her husband. The leader says "A Month Later," and shows the news being brought to the husband. Where had he been? The new-born baby in the picture looked to be about six months old. Can't the Essanay get any younger ones?

Also, will the time ever come when the screen publisher will cease to exist? And was, is there, or will there ever be a newspaper's daughter that does not fall in love with the "reviews editor?"

In a Gold Seal, one of the characters carefully turns his cap around backwards, and when he gets into the yacht it is on straight, and when he comes out it is on backwards again.

In "The Goddess," Episode 12, a close-up of Miss Jensen showed her in a striped shirt waist. But in the other picture the waist was white. In the 15th Episode, Freddie made the Professor's glasses on, and the professor had no hat on. When the glasses were put on there was a hat on the professor's head. He took them back and the hat vanished.

Perhaps, after all, people don't want things too realistic. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "The Broken Coin," did natural things in the most natural way, and people laughed. Sincerely,

(Signed) Jessie F. Edgerly.

Perhaps you are right, Miss Edgerly. In the halcyon days of wrestling, when the contestants fought fairly the audience hooted them. When they "faked" every one went away satisfied. Sometimes a thrill will cover up an inconsistency.

Screen Police Systems

Portland, Ore.

Miss Lenore Ulrich has made a host of friends by her portrayal of Kimeny in the play of that name. However, it does seem possible that the author of the play should display such ignorance of the wonderful detective systems and police systems that we have today.

We would imagine that the scenes of this play were laid in England and that it represented the nobility of modern days. When Kimeny is kidnaped by the gypsy band, after the burning of her father's barn, it seems absurd to think that, knowing of the trouble that had been caused when he took the child away from the gypsies at first, Kilmeny's father would not even attempt to search for the child or even notify the police or a detective agency regarding the case. It is too absurd to think of.

Certainly all the countries of today have systems so that it is almost every case they can detect whether the kidnapers are strangers in the vicinity or not, and with a gypsy band as ferocious as they were portrayed in Kilmeny, does it seem reasonable to believe that a father would give up his child so readily? Had the gypsies escaped by stealth and not been found again, it would have been different, but Kilmeny's father visited the camp while they were moving away. The play certainly does not speak well for our lawmakers of today.

(Signed) H. B. Bassett.

We often see on the screen such inconsistencies as arrests for felony without warrants, and other things that are not in harmony with the statutes. The scenario writers too often consider the art of writing as greater than the art of observation.

A Few on "Marse Covington"

Fairfield, Ala.

In "Marse Covington," many would think that every Virginian were accustomed to drinking nothing but mint juleps. I watched the play twice before I would believe that the housekeeper wore the same dress after the war that she had on before the war, although a period of four years had passed. She even had on the same cap and collar. The old negro, Dan, would sometimes call Virginia by its right name (through the use of the subtitle) and sometimes by the negro pronunciation "Virginny." In the office of the lawyer, when the deed was being given back to Marse Covington, the stenographer wrote continuously for three minutes on one line.

In a picture playhouse that I recently visited, a graphophone furnished the music, and during the saddest part of "Tess of Storm Country," the infernal machine was screeching out "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

(Signed) Margaret Supplier.

"Greater Love Hath No Man"

New Orleans, La.

Your collection of criticisms would be inconclusive without the addition of "Greater Love Hath No Man," a Metro release. The producer is to be congratulated in incorporating in a single film every possible violation of the laws of realism and probability.

We start with the Utopian penitentiary, where the main workroom of the convicts is located all over the elaborate system of sewers and tunnels specially designed by the warden, floor. After the convicts had sawed their way through this solid iron wooden floor instead of gaining their freedom they climbed back to their work and contentment. Each convict splashed about in knee-deep water in the tunnel, climbed back to his machine and lo and behold, his clothes were dry! The leisurely manner in which the hero knocks down, ties and gags the guards above his head the rebellious convicts would intrigue even the greenest amateur in John L. or Jess Willard.

In the fire scene, the heroine, blinded by the smoke, rushes about in the burning house only to pose, pick up a bird-cage from one table and set it on another, and open again. While all this waits for the property man to blow more deadly smoke in her direction. Plainly, declaring that the smoke market is done, she goes to the floor in a comfortable position to await the coming of her rescuer.

When the convict-hero and her father, the warden, are told that she is in the burning building, do they hesitate? Not by her report at all. They made faces in the camera. Even after the hero has gone inside the burning house he does considerable more posing. Then, throwing the half-conscious heroine over his shoulder, he carries her along a dizzy ledge that must be all of ten or twelve feet above the ground. No one attempts to move the ladder toward the imperiled stars, although a gaping mob is looking on. The heroine is heavy and the hero is fat and slow.

When the hero escapes from prison and is pursued by the guard, he hides and jumps upon the unsuspecting guard, strikes at him, missing him by at least three feet. But the guard is accommodating and falls right away.

Other inconsistencies show a schooner sailing on a motionless sea. When the schooner is destroyed by lightning and sinks immediately, the hero is found on a raft, the construction of which would require hours of labor of the entire crew.

Another scene shows the heroine waiting at the bridge. There is a perfect calm settled over the sea and not a breath of air stirring. And yet, only a few hundred yards away, the hero is supposed to be floating his way surrounded by a howling tempest.

When taken to the death-bed of his mother, the convict is shown in his prison garb, notwithstanding the fact that when convicts are taken outside for any such purpose, they are always given ordinary clothing to wear. When the guilty son confesses his crime, he darts away down the front steps, then stops, poses, lies down awkwardly, and rolls the balance of the distance to his death. Can you beat it? Sincerely yours,

E. W. W.

We believe that E. W. W. merits the $5 prize. He has uncovered a vast number of inconsistencies, and, indeed, pointed out others that we did not incorporate in the letter, because we still had some pity in our hearts for "Greater Love Hath No Man."

The Spoken Word

(Continued from page 7)

Jack's heart stood still. In reply to the sergeant's questioning he said only that he had seen Helen last at five-thirty when she left the office and, as he supposed, gone home. Could the articles found in the park he sent to him?

The sergeant demurred at first but upon his promise to produce them if necessary he consented to send an officer down with them. Haverly hung up the receiver slowly. Burton Park! Why, it was five miles from the *Sentinel* office! But perhaps Helen lived out that way! He unlocked the safe and took out the address book, then ran his finger down the alphabetical list.

Holden, Helen, 115 Hamilton Court. Telephone East 1806.

Clear on the other side of town! He rang up the number only to learn from the anxious landlady that Helen had not been home the night before. Sick at heart he tossed the receiver back onto the hook and pondered what to do next. As he sat thus the officer entered and a moment later Haverly held in his hand the little silver bag. When the man had gone he closed and locked the door, although, so far as he knew there was not a soul in the great empty building except himself.

He opened the bag and laid the contents out one at a time on the desk. There was a dainty handkerchief with *Helen* embroidered across one corner; the inevitable powder puff; a small coin purse containing a dollar and a half in change; some cards hearing her name and down in one corner the words *Representing the Sentinel*; last of all, a little white package which bore his own name. He laid the bag down by the other things and slowly unwrapped it. He caught his breath when the beautiful thing lay in his hand. Why—she must have *made* it herself! That was his face! Hers!—as it had always smiled up at him until—until last night! The silver of which it was made was as soft as satin, the two faces perfectly wrought. The little trifle felt suddenly warm, human, to his touch. He lifted it to his lips. It was evident that into the making of it she had put the whole of her love for him, and he —. He had driven her out into the night, perhaps to death—or worse!

The little silver box went into his pocket. He huttoned his coat tightly over it. The other things he replaced in the bag, put it into a small drawer, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Then he called the sergeant again, urging him to make every effort to learn the fate of Helen and promising his own assistance, stipulating, however, that there should be no publicity given the affair. Then he closed the office and went home.

Is there anywhere on earth a mask so terrible as that which we are forced to wear ourselves? The next six months were filled with days which tried Jack's soul. Streaks of gray crept into his dark hair, but his face revealed nothing of the grief which was torturing him from within. If only he had not spoken! If only he could tell her he was sorry—make it right! Vain regrets. Helen had dropped out of sight. The police and the private detective engaged by himself had been unable to get the slightest clue of her. Haverly himself had used every moment of his spare time "sleuthing" as in the old days when he had been a "cub" on the paper. Once he had gotten as far as the door of St. Luke's only to learn from the register that no one of that name had been either admitted or discharged. Helen's condition when she was taken there was such as to preclude the possibility of getting her name. She was just "the patient in 342." Weeks after, when it was possible for the hospital authorities to learn it she had decided not to reveal her identity. So she went on the record as Mary Smith.

And so the days slipped into weeks and the weeks into months. Winter passed and the soft air of the spring was blowing in at the open windows. But the good doctor's heart was troubled. So far as Helen's disease was concerned he had won the battle. Every vestige of it had disappeared. But Helen herself did not get well, and one morning as he was making his rounds he came upon her sitting in a corner of the sun parlor looking out with the face of a Madonna toward the distant hills. Twenty-five years as a physician had taught him much that is not writ in books. He went on the principle that there is always a story behind the circumstance. The thing to do was to get the story, and in this he was an adept. He stood for a moment and watched her silently. Then he went over and sat down beside her.

"Little woman," he said kindly, "tell me why you don't get well."

"Why, doctor —" she stammered, "I thought I was getting well."

"Your physical illness was cured long ago," he answered. "It is your soul that is sick, my child. Come. Won't you tell me all about it?"

The quick tears sprang into her eyes. How kind he had been! He knew absolutely nothing about her except that she had no money to pay. One day when she had tried to speak of it he had stopped her instantly, telling her that a victory such as he had won in her case was pay enough for him and adding whimsically that he would take it out on some rich fellow who had the price! He was waiting for her to speak, watching her closely. So presently she said simply.

"I loved a man, and he—was—cruel."

"I thought so. What else?"

"That is all."

"Are you sure? You think it is because he was cruel that you can't get well?"

She nodded.

He took the slender, almost transparent hand hetween his own and said softly, "You are mistaken, my child. Your diagnosis is wrong. You do not get well because you have not forgiven him. You love him still."

She did not answer but the doctor knew by the look which came into her eyes that he was right. So he went on.

"Have you ever stopped to think that if he has done you a wrong his suffering must be greater than yours? I am a man myself. I know that the lenses through which a man views life do not give him the same vision as that seen by a woman. The very heat of us make mistakes, my child, and when we do—why, that's just when we *need* you most. We men would have a sorry time of it in this old world if it were not for women who love us were not divinely forgiving. Stop nursing your wound, little woman, and you will find that it will heal of its own accord. And now, I want to say something more. You have been here too long. You are what we call "hospital tired." Don't think for a moment that I am going to lose sight of you or lose interest in you. I'm not. But I am going to take you home tomorrow, and hefore you go I want you to make me a promise, will you?"

"What is it, doctor?"

"It will not be easy—the thing I want you to promise. But—when he comes to you asking pardon ——"

"He will not come!" she cried passionately.

"He will. And when he does—forgive him royally, as a woman alone knows how to do. Not for his sake. For yours. Will you promise?"

"I promise."

V

Another half year went by. To all outward appearances Haverly was the same as ever, a prince of good fellows to his associates, a devoted son to his mother. But the latter knew that inwardly he was changed and not even she herself seemed able to penetrate that calm exterior and get close to the heart of the man. Often at night after all the others had left he lingered, in order that unobserved, he might unlock the drawer in his desk and touch the contents of the little silver bag. Night after night he walked the thirty blocks between the office and his home for no reason except that he knew that physical weariness would he followed hy sleep. Nothing had disappeared from the office since Helen went away, and there could he no stronger proof of his love than that, helieving her guilty, he loved her still.

He saw the end of the year approach with foreboding. He dreaded the return of Christmas Eve and the memories it would hring. He looked feverishly about him for something on which he could put his mind and finally an episode took place which gave him the desired opportunity. Jack liked a good fight. Chance favored him.

For several months past unauthorized agents of the labor unions had been going about the city compelling stoppage of huilders to pay them large sums of money to prevent their calling a strike. As the latter could ill afford to have their huilding held up many of them paid. Those who refused were harassed until financial failure stared them in the face. At last a well-known contractor who refused to be huncoed was killed, and the real facts in connection with his death came out Haverly elected to expose the fraudulent agents. He attacked them boldly through the columns of the *Sentinel*. The power of the paper remonstrated with him. The men on the staff warned him. He paid no attention. Protests from the unions, the rank and file of which did not understand the real state of affairs, threats from the men accused, scurrilous, anonymous letters hegan to flood the office. Haverly read every one of them and filed them away. He was not to he bluffed. He hammered away at them until, at last, the unions themselves saw a great light. They understood what the bogus agents were doing for them. They suddenly "came across." The men were expelled from their unions and the fight was won.

While the excitement was at its height, however, a thing of equal importance, to Haverly at least, developed. Marlowe was caught redhanded in his dirty work, and had received his just deserts. It was Thornton who finally ran him to cover—Thornton, who although the thefts had stopped with Helen's disappearance, had never ceased to insist that "there must he some mistake." He almost feared to tell Haverly of his discovery of the latter's friend when he did the took in his eyes had caused him to wring his friend's hand silently and turn quickly away. And so the days went on, and it was Christmas Eve again.

True to his word the doctor had not forgotten Helen. He went to see her every now and then and realizing her loneliness occasionally sent her a new book or a ticket to the theater or concert. She looked as fragile as a piece of egg-shell china, yet she seemed to be well enough. She put in her spare time writing stories to which, however, she signed a name not her own, and to making pretty trifles in her little shop in the attic. On Christmas Eve the doctor sent her a ticket for "The Messiah," and after the concert, as she stood in the crowded car on her way home she suddenly heard a familiar voice right behind her head. It was Mathews.

She twisted about, a hit till she could steal a look at his face. The man with whom he talked was a low-browed, brutal-looking individual

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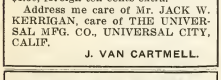

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with a countenance strongly resembling that of a bull-dog. Scenting mischief she backed up just as close as she could and suddenly her blood ran cold. They were talking about Jack! She heard the words "tonight—always leaves the office about eleven-thirty—the man-hole right back of the building—connects with the main sewer—wash him clear out to sea!" A coarse laugh from the bull-dog-faced man followed.

"Thinks he'll monkey with the unions, does he? Well, we'll show him!"

Helen did not wait to hear more. There was but one thing to do. She was going to do it. Her warning might not be kindly received. Nevertheless she would give it. Haverly was in danger of losing his life. It was not because it was Jack, she argued fiercely with herself. She would do the same for anybody.

She slipped from the car at the next corner. As she dropped off of it a policeman was just "pulling the box" on the corner. She rushed to him, told him in as few words as possible what she had heard. He promised to have a wagon-load of officers at the building in five minutes. Helen hailed a passing taxi, told the man to drive her to the *Sentinel* office at once. When she got out she saw by the clock that it was seventeen. She flew to the elevator.

"Fourth floor!" she said breathlessly.

The car shot up. She stepped out and caught her breath quickly as she realized that she was on her old stamping ground. In the corner was her desk at which she had worked. It was closed and locked. She wondered who used it now, never surmising the real truth, that it had never been opened since the day she went away and that Haverly had the key in his pocket. She rushed into the outer office. It was empty. Was she too late? She knocked on Jack's door and a familiar voice said, "Come in!"

She stepped inside. Jack sat at the desk, the contents of the silver bag spread out before him. He looked up quickly, then rubbed his hands over his eyes to be sure that they were not playing him tricks. He sprang up with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Helen! Helen! Have you come back to me?" he cried.

She put up her hands to stop him.

"Wait!" she said nervously. "You must go—at once. They are coming to 'get' you—the labor men and—and —Mathews! They're waiting till eleven-thirty till you leave the office. They'll tie you with ropes, throw you in the man-hole to die and be carried out to sea. Oh, please, *please* go—won't you?"

In her terror she had gone close to him and was pulling nervously at his coat. Quietly he took possession of the restless hands and looked down into the flushed, pleading face.

"You came to warn me?" he asked brokenly. "You—you did this for me after— after ——"

"Oh, don't!" she begged. "Please go!"

"Listen, dear," he said gently, "I'm not afraid of Mathews, nor of any man, nor of any gang of men. I hate to run. But because you—came, dearest, and because I love you I will go—on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you go with me and never leave me again."

Before she had time to reply a noise in the hall startled them. Jack's arms closed about her closely, and as they listened a couple of blue-coats appeared in the office outside. The officer had kept his word.

"Better take the young lady away, sir," one of them advised. "There may be a little gun play around here presently."

Jack longed to stay and see it through, but Helen was trembling and urging him to come. Again she pulled at his coat.

"*Please*, Jack!" she whispered, and at the sound of his name on her lips Haverly gave in. What mattered, anyway, besides the one great fact that she were here? He would never lose her again, for since that stormy day when his wrath had consumed him for the last time, he had learned a bitter lesson. He knew that it could never master him again.

Outside the taxi in which Helen had come was still standing. Haverly put Helen in, gave the man a number and got in beside her. A little later they drew up before a house.

"Why—where are we?" she asked.

"At home, girl," he answered.

Despite the lateness of the hour the mother was still up. She looked up in astonishment as the two entered. Then without a word she took Helen in her arms.

"What a fine Christmas present!" she said a moment later as she looked up at the tall man beside her.

He laughed.

"I was afraid to let her out of my sight," he replied. "She is elusive. So I just brought her with me." Then after a moment, "Oh, mother, be good to my girl!"

The mother did not reply, but her look was a promise. When she had left them to make a place for Helen for the night, her son turned swiftly and crushed the woman he loved and had lost and found again to him, whispering against her ear the words of love and repentance which for so long he had yearned to say.

"You'll forgive me, Helen,—won't you?"

She remembered the words of the doctor and her promise. But for some reason she seemed not to need a reminder.

"Yes, dear, of course."

"And you won't be—afraid of me, will you, sweetheart? Oh, Helen, I *couldn't* do it again."

"I am sure of it, Jack."

He took the small cigarette case from his pocket and held it up before her. She gave a little cry when she saw it.

"Why, how did you get that?" she asked.

He told her.

She took it in her hands and softly rubbed it.

"I had *such* a good time making that," she murmured. "I—lost it that night, and I never thought of seeing it again. I'm so glad you have it after all. You won't mind if I keep on making things, will you dear? I love it."

"Mind it? I should say not. Why should a man's wife hide her light under a bushel? A woman's life is her own to lead as she pleases, I want you to bring out everything beautiful that is in you, girl,—to work out your own life in your own way. What difference does it make to me what you're doing when I'm not with you? When I find it possible to be at home," he finished whimsically, "why,—I'd like your attention!"

She laughed,—a merry little laugh which brought back the Helen of old. Goodness knows how long they would have kept it up had not the mother reappeared.

"Don't you children know that it's —morning?" she chided.

Jack looked at his watch. One-thirty.

"So it is," he acquiesced. "Well,—*this* night will never come again, mother mine. We can afford to dissipate a little. But good-night ladies, and—Merry Christmas!"

INSIDE A ROMANCE FACTORY

(*Continued from page 11*)

just what part I was going to take in the drama. It would be an important part, of course. Was it not my third day as a photoplayer? There would probably be a scene between Miss Mayo and myself. Perchance I might rescue her from in front of the locomotive. Miss Mayo and Miss Scott did not come into the depot but remained in their taxi cab, patiently waiting Mr. Calvert's call.

And then finally the train came in and stopped for some time at the station with all the regular passengers rubbering out of the windows. I don't know when Mr. Ainsworth and Miss Scott got off the train, nor I didn't notice just when the camera started clicking, but all of a sudden I saw the actor and actress step off the train and walk as naturally as you please up to where Dick Travers and Edna Mayo were standing by the engine. The bunch didn't seem to say anything to each other—just moved their lips, and finally Mr. Calvert yells "out" and the camera quits clicking. That was all there was to it. The train starts on toward Chicago and then the director hurries our bunch of bandits on up the railroad tracks.

It was a strip of sidetrack that Mr. Calvert finally picked out, and under his orders we bandits began to blockade the track with a bunch of railroad ties that were lying handy.

After we had a few ties on the tracks, the camera started clicking and I came to the conclusion that the really important part of the film was being snapped. We were about to wreck "the flyer," and I vigorously tugged away at the ties. All of a sudden I felt a crack on my bean and I dropped my tie in a hurry. The sheriff's posse had arrived. At first I was good and sore, but when I realized it was part of a big scene and how swell it would look on the film I forgave all.

Our roundup by the posse was complete and within half an hour we were chugging back to the studios.

They would have my picture on the red and yellow lithographs out in front of the "Pastime" and the "Idle Hour" and the "Lyric" theaters in a few weeks. Girls sitting in the dark out in Ottumwa and down in Paducah and up in Oshkosh would be raving over my manly form and soulful eyes. I had not accomplished much the day before, true, but as a train bandit, Ah! What mattered if my head was a bit sore.

"Well," I says to Mr. Calvert as we turned onto Argyle street toward the studio, "I guess I did pretty well today, huh?"

"Yes, things went very well today," replied the director, "I think that silhouette scene of the bandits captured by the posse is going to look very good. You see the way it was taken, there will be just the outline of you fellows against the sky—a faint outline that ought to be mighty effective."

"Silhouette—faint outline?" I echoed aghast. "And me garbed up like this all day and keeping the right facial expression for hours and getting hit on the bean. Mr. Calvert," I snapped (I didn't care, I was sore and I came right out without any quibbling) "Mr. Calvert, I'm through with the movies."

Back inside the romance factory I lifted my hand in waving away fashion, when I saw Mr. Babille, the hirer of "extras," coming toward me down the aisle between the dressing rooms.

"You can put someone else in my place tomorrow," I calls to him in a no-use-to-plead-with-me-tone. "I'm going into the world and become just the best plumber or the best cigar clerk or the best laundry wagon driver that it is possible for me to become. The actor bug has been knocked out of my head."

THE GIRL IN THE PATHÉ

(*Continued from page 17*)

mere facade. They were starting for the door when a hubbub was raised in the hall. There was voluminous blasphemy, and a scuffle was in progress.

"Naw, I won't!" a deep bass voice was shouting. "No bleedin' bobby kin make me quit cold. I ain't no hand at argument, but I'm a rotter when it comes to me rights!" Then the scuffling was continued. Randley hesitated. He did not wish to become involved in any fisticuffs just now, nor was he going to be held as a witness if he could help it. If the three would but restrain themselves, they could easily avoid any unpleasantness. He stepped forward to slip the bolt in place, when the door was burst open and two men rolled into the room. One was an officer; the other, the red-eyed boarder.

"What's the row?" Mumford asked angrily, but the combatants were in no mood to answer. Le Croix sprang nimbly over the contestants, and Randley and Mumford followed suit. This should be as propitious a time as any to escape. Little groups of men and women were scattered around the hall and the stairway, jabbering excitedly, but the trlumverate descended the steps three at a time. The lower hall was also crowded. Every one was wrought up with excitement, the cause of which Jack, Billy and Etienne had no curiosity to fathom. At the moment they were gaining the street, a cab drew up the opposite curb, and two dainty maids emerged from the house of the sinister visage.

"To the Holland docks," said one, with a show of decision.

"The Girl!" Randley cried. "The Girl in the Pathé! Hurry, Billy, hurry!"

But an officer barred the way. Three more officers stood nearby in readiness. The cab was beginning to move away.

"What does this mean?" Jack demanded angrily.

"That you remain in that building for three weeks! There's a smallpox patient in there now. You and the others are quarantined!"

(To be concluded.)

OUR WEST-COAST LETTER

Dear Movie Pictorial Readers:

I have had a most enjoyable few days in sort of circulating among the California studios, hob-nobbing and chatting and breaking bread with our film friends. I wish I could think of all the inspirational news I heard, or had the space to tell it to you. But what I am writing concerns several of the persons you and I love on the screen.

So many things are transpiring at Universal City—that magic fairy camp up in the green hills. Little Edna Maison was so excited about her Chicago experiences, when she was there with the Smalleys. Many exhibitors insisted that she must appear in person—and she did—and it was very thrilling to Edna, because she had never stepped in front the screen before in her young life. But the cheers of the throngs warmed her heart and made her less afraid.

Guess who had joined the Universal forces? No one less than J. P. McGowan, the "Helen Hazards" director of Kalem. He is working on a big three reeler that is full of bandits and smuggling and ever so many thrills. Marie Wolcamp and Frank Newburg will be in the cast, too. The play will be called "The Yellow Star."

And what do you suppose about the "Broken Coin?" Grace Cunard and Francis Ford have been told to increase the installments from fifteen to twenty-five. Grace is writing the new scenarios, so she is some very busy lady, what with plotting and writing and acting. And right in the midst of it, Mr. Ford has had a birthday! You should see the diamond ring that Miss Cunard presented to him—and the Chippendale Cellarette his company gave him. Which birthday was it? Tut—hush on that inquisitive stuff.

Many big Universal things are transpiring. Peter B. Kyne has supplied the next Hobart Henley picture. It is "The Deflct," and that title ought to strike home to all of us. Mr. Henley is going to use pretty nearly his entire wardrobe in it—from chaps to tuxedo. "The Tenor" has just been completed.

And Larry Edwards, the L-Ko director, has been taking on scandalously. He has been shooting flying fish. Imagine a haughty director doing anything like that! At any rate, he is said to have shot one, but he didn't bring it home. This introduces a new kind of fish story into the catalogue of piscatorial lore!

Frank Keenan and Stella Razeto have just completed their first feature under Ed. J. Le Saint's direction. It is "The Long Chance," and you must see it.

I was around Inceville way, too. They are all talkling about Bessie Barriscale's Los Angeles popularity. Never spring that "a prophet is without honor except," etc., because the Angel City is Bessie Barriscale mad —and it is a gay sort of happiness.

Los Angeles saves some of its madness, too, for little Louise Glaum who has just completed "The Toast of Death" at Woodley's theater. Louise is "a native daughter."

Dick Stanwood has his dressing room overlooking the bay, with the entire Inceville panorama spread before him. This is inspirational, and if you were ever at Inceville, you would feel capable of a classic a day under the same conditions.

Charles Giblin is "back home" again after directing at the Universal, and now he is getting ready for Billie Burke's coming feature.

You remember Charles Clary as Father Kelley in "The Rosary," and also as Lord Strathmore? Well, this young man's splendid talents are finding new expression as "His Guiding Angel," that calls for a rough western character. Mr. Clary is always equal to the occasion.

Over at Lasky's, they have big things under way. Carlyle Blackwell and Theodore Roberts are going to give you some new happiness in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo." It is a stirring story, and Mr. Blackwell first conceived the idea when he was with the Favorite Players. But, Mr. Grex waited, and he is much better for the wait.

Maybe you didn't know that Tom Forman of Lasky's is a scenario writer. Well, that's the way he got started. When things were coming rather tough for Tom, and he had applied for work, the director informed him that a scenario was the thing they wish most—and the next morning Tom exchanged hats for a fat check. Necessity made him an author.

Beautiful little Helen Holmes has been having some new hazards—and you'll feel sorry for her, too, because it was her pluck that was largely responsible. Pneumonia caught her, but she said her friends, the public, must be cared for, and she went to the studio—and then the severe attack came, and now Helen's mother is at the hospital, trying to make her little girl forget her delirious ravings that are all centered around railway wrecks and endless labor.

Everybody who knows Henry B. Walthall is wondering how his Chicago friends ever induced him to make a speech. But he did. It was for charity, and that explains it. Henry is averse to public speaking, but this time he spoke briefly, and what he said went home.

The American studios are just as busy as ever. There is always something moving around the American. Anna Little has just joined the Santa Barbara Company, and drove her car over the pass, preferring the motor trip to the steam cars. And it is likely that Dick La Reno will join her. Leastwise, he is on hand.

Webster Campbell is leaving the American, and deserting the "Beauty" brand. He says he is done with comedy, but his friends are sorry indeed to see him go.

You should see Harold Lockwood in his new King-Eight, clad in white flannels, and making all the girls think he would be more sociable, and take a partner on his trip. But—Harold does very well by his lonely, thanks.

Henry Otto is back on the job. For a time Henry had no end of physical ills, but he pinned his faith to electricity, and whether it was the electrical treatment or the faith, he has his company together—and it is certainly a worthy company. In it are Winnifred Greenwood, Eddie Coxen and George Field.

William D. Taylor, producer of "The Diamond From the Sky," is admittedly one of the best paid directors in America. But why shouldn't he be? He merits all of it.

Look for little May Allison in "The Man in the Sombrero," a forthcoming American two-reeler. It is comedy-drama, and the plot turns on the pictorial advertising of a hat. Incidentally, Miss Allison is in love with the Santa Barbara bungalow, and with Santa Barbarians generally.

The Reliance-Majestic, Mr. Griffith's studio, is producing some exceptionally good new features. John O'Brien is working on "The Scarlet Band," in which John Emerson is starring. The cast is up to the customary Griffith standard.

Myrtle Stedman, who is playing "Lucy," recently met an actress who had played the part in Australia and Africa, where the footlights were sometime you kerosene lamps, and where candles played the part of illumination. And this actress praised Miss Stedman's interpretation, too.

Anne Shaffer, the Vitagraph idol, is always doing something kind and good—ever aiding charity or some other worthy cause. Her disposition is on a par with her acting. She stars in both directions.

Here's a Vitagraph record: Rollin Sturgeon, producer, a camera man and George Holt, arrived at Mojave, on the edge of the desert one night at 11:00, arose the next morning at 4:00, rode fifteen miles into the desert, took numerous pictures, got silhouette effects at sundown, arrived home half ill. Mr. Sturgeon started for Santa Monica in the early evening, drove 140 miles, arrived at 3:30, bathed, ate and was on the job again in the morning.

Maybe you would never think that Pauline Bush was a delicate girl. But she was. It took lots of out-door life and careful living and strong determination, but Pauline came out winner; she conquered her ills. And today she is one of the most lovable stars of the screen.

Sincerely yours,

Bess Powers

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Margery Moore's BEAUTY CORNER

BEAUTY—THE MAGIC MIRROR OF WOMAN WHEREIN MAN SEES REFLECTED THE IDEALS OF HIS OWN CONJURING

Nature's Beauty Doctor—the Mind

I am convinced that many women have remained beautiful well into late life, by the force of their determination. They refused to grow old.

Contrast this, good sisters, with the fretful, fuming habit of thought that brings the gray ash of decline into the lives of many women who should still be enjoying the heyday of their youth.

Mind is the cunning magician that works from within, that molds and fashions and controls what ofttimes the most cleverly devised cosmetics can never reach. For beauty must begin within, and radiate outward—or it is not beauty, but, at best, merely the semblance of beauty.

Milady has within herself the power of prolonged youth—the well-spring of continued loveliness—if she but will use what is within her grasp. The Mind is the thing—the molder of thought and of body, which should be but an expression of thought.

To long for beauty is one thing, but to command it is quite another, and the command is of the mind, while the longing may be but a shadow that is fleeting in its passage before the mental screen.

The beauty doctor may help—may bring to your service many things that will work hand-in-hand with nature—but no one can give you a tenth as much as you may insure yourself.

Think beauty—and youthfulness—and attractiveness. Make it part of your cult. Hold it before yourself day after day—until you have finally come to reflect this thought—and your features are aglow with the beauty of your mind.

You say it is impossible? It is as you will. Impossibility is a barrier that we construct to meet our willing decline. So long as we believe that there are experts who can bring us back from the cold evening of unlovelliness, we must accept what they can do for us. But if we believe that we have within us the basic force of beauty—if we believe that our minds shaped us in a finer mold in the beginning—why should we not make the demand of beauty one of our most persistent processes of thought?

You—every woman—longs for the mystic power to stay the progress of the years. Time you can not hold, but beauty you may prolong, provided the while you do not place upon your body undue taxation through unhealthful methods of living.

Within your mind there is the dictator that governs your body, and if this power is sufficient to control your corporeal operations why should it not aid you in the attainment and the prolongation of genuine feminine loveliness? Try it—now and continuously—and watch results!

Margery Moore

Answers to Correspondents

S. M.

Your letter is very interesting and I don't blame you to want to rid yourself of blackheads. They are very unsightly and can be eliminated if one is persistent. In the first place you must cleanse the skin thoroughly each night. First wash the face with tepid water and a pure Castile soap. Rinse thoroughly in clear water and dry. Then apply a good cleansing cream and allow to remain on a few minutes. Wipe off with a soft cloth and apply Acne Cream freely. Allow the Acne Cream to remain on all night. Repeat the cleansing process in the morning. Wipe off and apply a pure powder. If you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope I will advise you what creams and powder to use as it is very essential that these preparations be absolutely pure.

J. B.

No! A thousand times no! Never take drugs to reduce your flesh. Stop eating all fatty foods and sweets. Take exercise in the open air and practice deep breathing and your fat will leave.

Edith.

The lump in your throat may be goiter. You should consult a physician before attempting to get rid of it by massage. If you will send me a self addressed stamped envelope I will advise you what to use for freckles. I can not recommend any particular preparations through this column but will be glad to advise you privately as to creams and powders that are pure and harmless.

A. G.

See my answer to J. B. in this column. Any drug that will reduce your flesh is harmful to your entire system and I know personally of two or three women who died from the effects of such drugs.

If you want advice on beauty topics, write to Margery Moore. She will be glad to answer all questions. If a personal answer is desired, stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed. Address communications to Margery Moore, Care Movie Pictorial, Chicago, Ill.

THE SPLIT REEL

Rubyiat of a Censor

Last night my gang and I made merry right,
At 4 a. m., I was a hully fright,
And now I'm on the job again—oh, well,
I'll single out a feature for a fight.

You see, I am the Law, I am some guy,
How I delight to watch the feathers fly,
And when my liver's purple, then beware,
For films I have an awful nasty eye!

This scene, I understand, required much cash,
It's tame, I guess, but I must call it rash,
How I love to destroy what others build,
Say, watch 'em cut it to a fleeting flash!

Poor nuts, they slave and moil and slave some more,
And build up crises bravely by the score,
And I—the Law—the Film God! —Here I smile;
I love to see 'em squirm and know they're sore!

Last night those absinthe frappes had a kick,
My head is splitting—I am really sick,
But now my vandal spirit may enjoy
This bliss supreme, this amputating trick!

In all my life, I've ne'er evolved a thing,
Yet in my soul a demon voice does sing,
Exultant at my power to slash and chop
And spoil a plot and treat art to my sting!

Some day the Vox-Pop wave will blot me out,
But while I'm here, I'm going to have my shout—
I have my reasons and all that, pray note,
But bless me if I know what I'm about!

Where has the Universal anything on the rest of us? Who hasn't starred in "The Broken Coin"—huh?

Anyway, the Goddess got off the job before cold weather caught up with her! In other words, she finished before the clothes of the season!

Every girl thinks it's "the diamond from the sky"—first time. After that, it's a cobble-stone.

The chief objection to boots that lace up the back, and rolled down hosiery, is that they break into the plot with close-ups.

Here's hopin' it's an eternal triangle:

Ince
Griffith Sennett

Marguerite—S. O. S.!!

Say, Marguerite Clark, we like your style,
Your winning ways are cute—
You don't know how we love your smile,
Say Marguerite, it's a beaut.
Say, you're not married, tied for life,
All harnessed to a mate?
Oh. say not so, that you're a wife!
Alas, are we too late?
Or, are you single, are you free?
You see, we're anxious, true,
Just pass the word along or we
Can't tell our wife—oh, do!

Oh—YOU—ROSCOE!

Dear Fatta da Arbuck:
Me'n Gulseppe seen you in da swella da feelm—um, so fine! You granda da greata da man. Only, Fatta, please don't maka da close-up—um, so beeg! It look too much lika da damma da Zep! Yours,
Pedro.

Me-lo-dra-ma!

Oh, see thee no-bul vic-toe-ree!
The hee-ro conk-ers vice—
He saves thee lov-lee he-ro-wine,
And does it in a thrice!
Where-e'er he go-eth, sin fades out,
And vir-choo takes thee throne—
The dev-vil sure-lee takes the count,
Ex-kuse me while I groan!

S-s-h—Gish!

I wish I were a wisher
What could always get my wish!
Do you know what I'd wish about?
About the Sisters Gish!
I'd wish for Lilyan an' for Dot—
So do not answer, "Tish!"
I wish I were a wisher
What could wish me near Miss Gish!

Seven Second Split-Reels

" THE EXPOSE "

Reel 1—Pierpont is on his knees to Prunella. She registers disgust, and pointing to the approaching Count Emout, signifies that she prefers him because of his immaculate linen. Calls Pierpont's attention to Count's gleaming shirt bosom.

Reel 2—Pierpont registers a big idea. Offers Count light for his cigarette. Count reaches for it. Pierpont drops it, as if by accident, upon the Count's shirt bosom. Explosion, gleam of red flannel beneath shirt bosom. Count flees.

Reel 3—Pierpont registers joy. "I thought it was celluloid all the time!" he exclaims.

HARVEY PEAKE,
New Albany, Ind.

" THE SUPPORTER "

Reel 1—Wedding ceremony.

Reel 2—Exit music begins. Bride and and Groom turn from altar and begin to march slowly down the aisle. Groom glances down to floor and registers horror! Bride looks at new husband, sees horror, looks for cause and finds it. She registers hideous amazement. Audience follows eyes of unhappy couple and fixes gaze upon Groom's feet. Men climb upon backs of seats in order to see, and women fight for good views. They register surprise. Best man saves situation. With quick gestures he stoops and unfastens long, white elastic supporter that is trailing conspicuously over the dark carpet behind the groom's left foot.

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